CORONATION: Pritchett, Summerson
Margaret Lane

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The Loyal Duty of the T.U.C.

WHEN all this week's festoons of paper and film, writing and rhetoric, have been swept away, two facts remain which especially intrigue us. Or, rather, one fact and one surmise. The fact is the rejection by the General Council of the T.U.C. of Sir Vincent Tewson's draft of the Council's loyal greetings. Now Sir Vincent is a conscientious, industrious and obedient Secretary. He is no more long-winded than Mr. Deakin, no more platitudinous than Mr. Williamson, no less loyal to his Sovereign than Sir Lincoln Evans. He knows better than anybody else what his master's voices are trying to say. Yet the Council rejected his initial draft as being over-fulsome; and the statement of loyal duty belatedly delivered was a discreet revision.

The surmise concerns Mr. Tom O'Brien's knighthood. We can scarcely conceive that the pageantry and honorifics of the past week did not include the availability of at least a knighthood for the Coronation chairman of the T.U.C. And we have no reason to suppose that Mr. O'Brien is personally opposed to honour or ennoblement in principle. We surmise, then, that he shrank from the title which was intended for him. If so, we prefer his attitude to that of his colleague Sir Andrew Naesmith, who presumably thought he might as well add the baron of beef, as it were, to the mess of pottage already earned.

But why this sudden access of reserve, when all the world could reasonably have expected the members of the General Council to have let their Coronation joy be unconfined? The answer is simple, short and rather shocking. For over a year the prevailing opinion on the General Council has favoured full collaboration with Sir Winston Churchill's Government. This collaboration has gone much further than is dictated by the patriotic obligation not to obstruct Government policy. In spite of the refusal of formal consultations on the de-nationalisation Bills, there have been comings and goings between Smith Square and Downing Street which might have led the innocent observer to suppose either that a Labour Government was in office, or else that the Federation of British Industries had moved to Transport House.

This general attitude, increasingly noted and resented by the rank-and-file trade unionist, has culminated in the extraordinary appointments of the three new steel-masters—appointments which have caused anger in all sections of the Labour Movement. Mr. Deakin, who would not, we believe, himself have accepted membership of the Steel Board, has loyally spoken in defence of Sir Lincoln Evans. But, despite this, there are signs that the wiser heads on the General Council (as well as the more timid ones) are alarmed at the real division which is growing—not, indeed, between the industrial and political wings of the Labour Movement, but between the senior trade union officials and their rank-and-file. The slight but significant reserve over the Coronation jamboree is the instinctive caution of men who sense that they may, at last, be in danger of over-straining the patience of their followers.

We are not concerned to jibe at Mr. O'Brien and his colleagues in the dilemma they face. We urge them, on the other hand, to heed the warnings of discontent, which they can find in any trade union branch or constituency Labour Party. The unchallengeable doctrine that the interests of their members are paramount, provides no warrant for their gratuitous strengthening and bolstering of a Tory Government. It is out of the interests of their members, and out of nothing else, that the trade unions and the Labour Party have grown together in organic unity. The salaried bureaucrats of the T.U.C. must recognise, as their rank-and-file already do, that respect for Labour Party decisions, and loyalty to Party sentiment, form the whole basis of working-class strength.

Everest Climbed

The news from Everest broke on almost the only day when it had not been looked for. Hillary and Tensing, standing on the summit, have crowned the achievement of so many climbers over so many years.

Each expedition has stood on its predecessor's shoulders; the three attempts since the war can now be seen as a triumph equally for Shipton's party, who discovered the route in 1951, for the Swiss, who pressed the attack last year so nearly to the top, and the British, who have finally surmounted the last terrible thousand feet. And how right that one of the two should be one of the Sherpas, on whom all the expeditions have depended. One can hardly overestimate the courage and nerve needed on the last stage, where the climber "is like a sick man climbing in a dream." But Everest is often more like a complicated operation of war than mountaineering, and Colonel Hunt must be given all praise for the planning and decision that made the final thrust possible. And if anyone regrets that it is only by using oxygen, aluminium ladders and the like that the prize has been won, let them remember Mallory's words: "An infernal mountain, cold and treacherous. With such an opponent no holds are barred."

The Commonwealth Conference

The date of the Coronation could not have fallen more fortunately for the Prime Minister since it has enabled him to hold a Commonwealth Conference within a month of the Foreign Affairs debate in which he launched the British peace initiative. At this conference Sir Winston Churchill will be mainly concerned to win the support of his fellow Prime Ministers for his point of view and so to strengthen his hand for the negotiations with Mr. Eisenhower at Bermuda. Furthermore, as the Bermuda talks look like being delayed, he may well ask their backing for a prior meeting between himself and Mr. Malenkov, which would obviate the *Pravda* charge that the Western Powers are ganging up against Russia before the high level talks begin. To see how much Britain's position has been strengthened within recent weeks we have only to compare this Commonwealth Conference with its ill-fated predecessor last winter. On that occasion Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler won Commonwealth backing for their plan to move towards convertibility by means of dollar support for sterling. But when they went to Washington in March they found that the U.S. took small account of Commonwealth requirements. The plan was quietly pigeon-holed and they returned home empty-handed. Today, in the new Four-Power setting, Sir Winston can be sure that Commonwealth proposals will be received with attention by President Eisenhower.

Mr. Taft's Home Truths

The garbled summaries of Mr. Taft's speech in the British press gave the impression that he had fumbled as usual and been duly smacked down by the President at his Press Conference next day. In fact the interchange between Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Republican was not nearly so one-sided as this. The President took the greatest care to conciliate Mr. Talft and confined himself to repudiating his suggestion that if the present armistice proposals in Korea are rejected, America should abandon the U.N. and try to finish the war on her own. But this hardly affects the substance of Mr. Taft's argument.

Mr. Taft's thesis is that an alliance for the purpose of fighting Communism conforms neither with the letter nor with the spirit of the Charter. The veto was instituted, he argues, to exclude the use of the U.N. in order to prevent military aggression by a Great Power. And he goes on to suggest that the resolution, which sanctioned the U.N. police action in Korea, was of doubtful validity since it was voted in Russia's absence. Turning to Europe, he remarks that "we have practically abandoned the United Nations entirely" since we are relying in Nato on "a military alliance of the old type." From this he concludes (1) that the U.S. should either get the charter re-written or abandon the U.N. as an instrument for preventing Communist aggression. And (2) that in any case the maintenance of a world-wide alliance against Communism is doubtfully feasible because Americans are not prepared to foot the bill and America's allies are loath to provide the soldiers. He concludes with these remarkable words: "We should be tolerant of the situation of every country; try to understand their problems; and not force upon them a policy they do not approve either by the pressure of grants of money or grants of soldiers. No doubt they will be glad to get these, but they will be of little use to us unless the policy which they are supposed to enforce is the determined policy of the country concerned."

It is understandable that Mr. Eisenhower's advisers in the Pentagon were embarrassed by these home truths. Sir Winston Churchill would be well advised to accord them more favourable consideration. That Mr. Taft, like Mr. Walter Lippmann, feels doubts about the grandiose concept of containment and liberation is surely no bad thing; that he should expose the dishonesty of trying to square the crusade against Communism with the United Nations Charter is all to the good. His advice about Korea may be wrong, but the arguments he employs are a great deal more sensible than anything we have heard recently from across the Atlantic.

Syngman Rhee's Demands

The deferred resumption of the Panmunjon talks is taking place against an obscure background of exchanges between the Presidents of the U.S. and South Korea. After bellicose threats by South Korean Ministers that the landing of any neutral troops to supervise prisoners of war would be resisted by arms, Mr. Eisenhower is understood to have written to Syngman Rhee in terms which have not been disclosed but which may be presumed to have constituted an admonition against these fire-eating menaces. In reply, Syngman Rhee is reported to have said that South Korean acquiescence in the latest U.N. proposals about the prisoners must be conditional on the U.S. concluding a unilateral military pact with South Korea. Under it, the U.S., it seems, must pledge itself to continue large-scale military and economic aid to South Korea, to guarantee South Korea against future invasion from the North, and—so it is reported—to promise that nothing will be done to stop South Korea from "uniting the country" after the conclusion of a truce. It seems scarcely credible that the U.S. would sign such a pact—it would certainly not be endorsed by the U.N. membership generally—but the unfortunate thing is that the Chinese and North Koreans naturally suspect that Syngman Rhee's intransigence is being used by the U.S. as a convenient way of "stalling" on the truce terms; and such suspicions will be increased by Senator Knowland's latest protest that any cease-fire which left Korea divided would not be a "truce with honour."

Italy Votes

With M. Mendès-France, as we write, still awaiting the vote of the French Assembly, this Sunday's voting in Italy will determine whether Signor De Gasperi is to secure a renewed and more decisive mandate for what the new U.S. Ambassador calls "stable, democratic government"—in other words, domination by the conservative, clerical Centre. He has been supported in his election campaign, not only by Mrs. Luce (who is said to have sponsored a lavish distribution of black crucifixes in the South), but by the most powerful propaganda mobilisable by the hierarchy and Dr. Gedda's Catholic Action. Yet few observers seem completely confident that the Christodemocrats and their junior partners, the Republicans, Liberals and Saragatini, will secure that fraction over 50 per cent. of the poll required to earn the "premium seats" carrying a solid majority under the new Electoral Law. With the international climate less propitious for "anti-Bolshevik" scare-mongering, the Left—Communists and Nenni Socialists—may do better than in 1948. More important for the immediate results, there are indications that in Sicily and Southern Italy there will be an even heavier vote for the Monarchists and the neo-Fascist M.S.I. than in the intervening municipal elections. If the joint list headed by Dr. Gasperi fails to get 50.01 per cent. of the poll, the old P.R. system will operate; and, in those circumstances—unless there were such a swing to the Left as to put Signor Nenni in a key position—a new conservative Coalition could hardly be formed (whatever the Republicans might say) without Monarchist support.

Lowering the Red Flag in Israel?

Mr. Ben Gurion is faced with an unexpected and unusual kind of Cabinet crisis. Up till last week it looked as though the Grand Coalition, which stretched from the General Zionists on the right as far as the Mapai, would be able to fulfill the deflationary task it set itself last January. Now it has split on what might seem at first sight a minor issue—whether, on the 1st of May, the Red Flag should be flown and the Internationale sung in the schools which, up till now, have been run by the Histadrut. In reality, important principles are involved. Ever since the State was founded five years ago, the need for a uniform State school system has been realised. A strange variety of education is provided in schools run by religious groups and by political parties, with financial assistance from the State. The Mapam settlements, for instance, provide some of the best and most expensive secondary education in Israel, in competition with Mapai and the orthodox religious groups. In the new, integrated State school system, the General Zionists demanded that the Histadrut schools should stop their traditional observance of May Day. At this, even Mapai jibbed, and the Coalition broke down. A settlement is urgently needed in view of the imminent arrival

from the U.S. of a team of high-powered planners, invited by the Israeli Government to help it set its economic house in order.

PARIS

After M. Reynaud

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Even M. Paul Reynaud's political enemies agree that what he did was a quixotic but public-minded gesture. Had he not presented the National Assembly with what was in effect an ultimatum, he would have received a comfortable majority and the blessing of Parliament to carry on for a bit. But that is precisely what Reynaud was not interested in. He knew that his "ultimatum"—namely, that within ten days the Assembly revise the Constitution in such a way that there would be in France either a Government lasting at least 18 months, or else a new general election—was "too sudden," and would therefore be rejected. But he felt that the challenge was still worth making because it would bring to the notice of public opinion that "something must be done."

There is little doubt that the "Reynaud bombshell" of last Wednesday will have an important effect: it is hard to imagine any new Premier not attempting to take up the Reynaud proposal in some form or other. Not that it is by any means clear yet whether a general election can really be avoided for long—for there is still very little evidence of a working majority in the present Assembly. As I write, attention is focussed on M. Mendès-France. He has been often referred to in this correspondence—because he is certainly one of the most brilliant and incisive minds in French politics. But he has been very much an "outsider." Though belonging to the Radical Party, no one is less typical a Radical than he. The French Radical is essentially provincial and easy-going: M. Queuille is the perfect Radical, certainly not Mendès-France. The latter has been the most widely-quoted critic of all the Governments of recent years. As an advocate of austerity he has been called the "Stafford Cripps of France," and his defeat by Pleven soon after the Liberation is at the root of many of France's financial troubles. His main arguments have always been that France was living above her income; that she was giving up too much of her independence for dollar aid; that she would lag behind others so long as her expenditure was not more productive and she continued to be short of industrial equipment; and, finally, that she could never hope to pull her military weight in Europe so long as she carried the incubus of the Indo-China war.

In an interview given to a Paris weekly only a fortnight ago, he reiterated these points: "No piecemeal remedies," he said. "We must have a coherent foreign policy. If we are economically weak, we cannot exercise any international influence. . . . We must negotiate in Indo-China; we missed a great chance of starting negotiations the moment the Korean peace talks were resumed; the longer we wait, the more difficult it will be to negotiate. . . . Military expenditure must be cut; we must revise our ruinous and archaic conceptions of Defence. . . . Our industry must be modernised. A lot of new housing is essential. I am in favour of large-scale investments in Africa." Yet, when President Auriol called on him to form the new Government, M. Mendès-France readily admitted that it was easier to criticise than to govern in France. Obviously he—and not only he—wondered what majority could be secured for a truly bold policy on the above lines, and how far the Assembly would gradually whittle away its cutting edge.

SINGAPORE

Cross-currents in Malaya

Our Singapore Correspondent writes: General Templer's recently expressed belief that progress is being made against the terrorists has led to more serious political thought in Malaya. This, in turn, has led to an increase in communal rivalry. Even the strange alliance between the Malayan Chinese Association and the United Malay National Organisation is dictated by a strictly communal common purpose—the dishing of Dato Onn and his non-communal Independence of Malaya Party.

Together, M.C.A. and U.M.N.O. demand State elections next year (in all except three States there are more Chinese than Malays). Alone, U.M.N.O. demands self-government and independence by 1957. On this matter the M.C.A. remains silent. As realists, the Chinese know that the Malays form the armed police force. For these and other reasons, the Chinese are not anxious for British administration and British troops to be withdrawn in 1957. The simple truth, which everyone knows in Malaya, is that the M.C.A. and U.M.N.O. believe they are diddling one another. Each believes that in due course it will be able to use the other. Prominent Malays have tended to say: "What's wrong with an alliance if this means getting rid of the British? Once we've got rid of the British we can manage the Chinese." This attitude is by no means the general feeling of the Malays as a whole. There is the sensible moderation of Dato Onn, with his warnings against the dangers of communal strife. But moderation is unexciting stuff for villagers living in near poverty.

By unexpectedly announcing his proposal to set up a committee to go into the question of elections to the Federal Legislative Council, General Templer has done more than indicate a reversal of his "elections at parish-pump level only" policy. He has made even the strongest Malayan nationalist look moderate. Everyone realises, of course, that much depends upon the composition of the committee, and in any case it can be expected to take a long time to produce its report. But I believe it is possible that State elections will be held next year, and that each State Legislative Council will have a majority of elected members. This will be a welcome step which could, quite reasonably, have taken place this year. All this seems to suggest that the Administration is now aware of the need to make rapid progress in the political field.

At the same time it would be wrong to give the impression that there is a strong concerted cry in Malaya for independence. There is not. There *is* a cry, but it can hardly be heard above the noise of the communal clamour. Not until the M.C.A. and U.M.N.O. are controlled by men other than wealthy businessmen and political opportunists, can we expect strong demands for self-government. Meanwhile, the masses in Malaya are more interested in their standard of living than in being given the vote.

Cives Britannici Sunt

THE strangest commentary on Queen Elizabeth's Coronation broadcast last Tuesday was made, unwittingly, by Dr. Malan. The Queen spoke of the "theme of social and political thought," which is Britain's "message to the world"; of "Parliamentary institutions, with their free speech and respect for the rights of minorities"; of "broad tolerance in thought and expression."

Yet Dr. Malan took the opportunity of his arrival in London last week further to threaten the freedom of the Press. "The baneful incubus of meddlesomeness," as he described the work of free correspondents, is his way of referring to the exposure by the world's Press of the racialist, anti-democratic policies which, carried out by Dr. Malan under the ægis of the Queen's sovereignty, do more than anything else to destroy the symbolic value of the Commonwealth and to disrupt its unity.

If the British Press fails to curb the "book and article-writing emissaries who . . . hurry through South Africa for no other purpose than to collect any such material, real or imaginary, as they think might substantiate their ill-conceived prejudices," Dr. Malan has demonstrated that he will do the curbing for us. On May 10, Mr. Basil Davidson, an acknowledged authority on African affairs, arrived in Johannesburg for this journal. His mission, in revisiting the Union, was to investigate and report on Native conditions under the new Nationalist Government. Next day he was informed by the authorities that he had been "deemed" (without any sort of notification) a "prohibited immigrant" since 1951—a date significant in that in the summer of that year Mr. Davidson wrote in this journal a series of articles on South Africa which attracted world-wide attention to the dangers of Dr. Malan's racial policy. He would have been deported forthwith, but for one consideration: this "meddlesome article-writer" had been invited by the C.R.O. to visit Swaziland as their guest. Her Majesty still has a High Commissioner in Pretoria: Mr. Davidson was permitted to carry out this part of his planned tour. But, on re-entering the Transvaal from Swaziland, he was duly expelled. Neither his distinguished war record, his reputation as a scrupulously careful and discerning reporter, nor the good offices (to which we would pay tribute) of the High Commissioner availed against the gag.

Commenting on Mr. Davidson's expulsion, the *Rhodesia Herald* wrote editorially: "If the South African authorities have a clear conscience about their political conduct, why deny such a writer access to their country?" How much there is which has to be hidden by this selective censorship can be glimpsed from the first of Mr. Davidson's two despatches from the Transvaal—studiously factual in their findings—which we publish on a later page.

Nor is the damage confined to the Union. The consequence of Malan is a tension between Black and White which threatens not only to disrupt the Commonwealth but to tear the African continent apart. The expulsion of the Revd. Michael Scott, for instance, from Nyasaland might not have occurred under a less impatient and intolerant Colonial Secretary; but it is a consequence of events which flow from Pretoria, not from London. British citizens of such high repute as Scott and Davidson can now be expelled from countries of the Commonwealth for expressing the "ill-conceived prejudices" which, before Malan, were decencies common to all civilised men.

The Queen is Crowned

Miss Margaret Lane, who contributes the following personal impression of the Abbey ceremony, is by marriage the Countess of Huntingdon.

WHEN it was all over, and we came out into the scudding wind and rain (weather seemingly bent on proving the sublime indifference of heaven to human affairs), what was the impression, the emotion, uppermost in the mind? First, undoubtedly, a revelation of sumptuous, grave and stirring beauty: a beauty that almost burned and dazzled the eye, and left mine weary; a man-made beauty, in splendid and defiant contrast to the rain-whipped world outside. A stirring beauty, that had carried us through hours of shivering and fatigue, and made us indifferent to the chilled claret cup and withered lobster patties with which we were now refreshed.

After seven hours in the Abbey, in an extremity of cold which must have taxed the resources of even the English summer climate, one's thoughts are not easy to sort out. But the great emotional moments are unforgettable; and for me the moment of the enthroning, when the Queen, stiff, golden and glittering as one of those brocaded waxen figures in a Spanish church, was supported up the steps of the throne after the crowning, was the one which really caught the breath.

After that, an element of pity and sympathy crept in; for between the inhuman magnificence of the crown, and the glittering of the vestment-like golden robe, the Queen's face was very young, very human, very tense. The eyes were downcast, the small hands holding rod and sceptre anxiously rigid, the cheeks pale and the mouth grave in its concentration on the huge responsibility of the moment. It is surely impossible, whatever one's beliefs, not to be moved by the spectacle of a young Queen, newly crowned, enthroned in her first splendour. And we were so moved. A kind of sigh of sympathy and satisfaction went up. In beauty, in solemnity, it was a perfect moment.

All that had led up to it had been fascinating, amusing, endlessly interesting; but until the Queen herself had come under our eyes in the Abbey, that special tenderness of sympathy had been wanting. Our attention had been busy everywhere since seven o'clock, enjoying the splendour of the Abbey, hung in blue brocade and carpeted in gold, the medieval brilliance of the heralds, the glittering uniforms (making all men handsome), the sumptuous appearance of the peers and peeresses, who, since all were dressed alike in crimson and ermine, made up a decorative mass which obliterated the oddity of individuals.

But the cold! The peeresses were confined in what was, in effect, a wind tunnel. A draught as strong as those artificial ones so cleverly manufactured in the Underground blew on our backs, and to judge by the temperature, it had come straight from Everest. Our teeth chattered, we quaked inwardly with cold, we wrapped ourselves in our trains and watched our arms turn blue.

This was the only unpleasant feature of the long waiting; everything else was rich in incident and interest, and time passed quickly. The royal ladies began to arrive, each with her train-bearer, each giving her own version of the proper management of a royal train. The technique is for the royal lady to wait, when she reaches the steps of the Queen Mother's box, while her lady-in-waiting deftly folds the train double, then takes it up in three-yard-long lengths and places it neatly over her mistress's arm. The Princess Royal and Princess Margaret performed this little ceremony neatly and gracefully, bestowing a smile of thanks when it was finally done; but there were some scowls and bungling as well, which were less pretty to watch. And when the Queen Mother's procession was all safely in, there was a moment of absurdity so unexpected and complete that there was a gust of laughter. From nowhere, on to the honey-gold carpet around the throne, rushed, to the tune of *Greensleeves*, four white-overalled figures, three women and a man, and performed a frantic ballet of carpet-sweeping. What were they supposed to be removing? The carpet was flawless, the congregation hushed and expectant, waiting for the Queen. Could one believe that she would be heralded with sweepers and brooms? Or was it a deliberate device, to ease the long tension of waiting with comic relief?

It was throughout a very curious and unlikely blend—the high ecclesiastical pomp of the ceremonial, and the supreme worldliness, in appearance, of the congregation. There was no room, at any time, to kneel, and no one attempted to do so; the orchestra played; there was a great coming and going of splendid figures over the soft carpet; sometimes, following the lead of the duchesses in the front row, we stood up, and sometimes we sat down; and everywhere there was a lively murmur of talk.

But with the trumpeted arrival of the Queen, all that was changed. The small figure, moving slowly, isolated in the midst of her procession, almost quiveringly intent, made one—again by sympathy—partly aware for the first time of what the ceremony must mean to *her*. Is it right, one wonders in a moment of puritanical misgiving, so to load a moment of consecration with pageantry and show that the human being at the heart of it must tremble under the weight? The rituals are ancient, but some have no longer any relevance, and symbols that were powerful in the Middle Ages are now no more than relics. (Of all the symbols carried reverently in the Abbey, perhaps only two, the crown and sceptre, are still potent, the crown on its cushion, certainly, still carries its little aura of sacred magic.) No doubt a simpler ceremonial would be equally solemn, and, in a sense, more true; the dead wood could be cut away and the core remain. But there are elements in this Coronation ceremony which are unexpected, emotional, and difficult to explain. I had a sudden feeling, craning at my glimpse of the bare-headed Queen at her anointing, sitting motionless with lowered eyes under her gold canopy, a sensation that was like something spoken aloud: "There is a secret here." It came again at the crowning, which I saw narrowly between the heralds' heads and shoulders, like an ikon in a rich frame; and again at the incomparable moment when the crowned Queen between her Bishops ascended the steps of the throne. What that secret was, I could not say. No doubt it was the primitive and magical feeling which ancient and beautiful ceremonials still evoke, in no matter how rational a breast. That tiny golden figure was the point of light under a vast burning-glass; the vision of an uncounted multitude was narrowed down to this.

For her part, no conviction could be deeper than the conviction conveyed by the Queen in every part of the ceremony. If ever a woman consciously and visibly dedicated herself to a solemn destiny, this was she. The impression was powerful and moving, and we shared in it. The putting on of the coronet, to the shouts of "God save the Queen" ceased to be an absurdity, an anachronism, an anxiety, or any of the self-conscious, self-mocking things it had been up to that moment, and became a symbol with surprising life in it, a symbol of sharing that experience and that dedication—though to what, precisely, we were dedicating ourselves to, it would have puzzled some of us to explain. We were "with her"; we were "on her side." I can get no nearer to it than that; but it left one with a feeling that the Coronation ceremony, as it is, enormously long, elaborate, ostentatious and exhausting, has some profound (and not only æsthetic) satisfactions to offer, even to the cynical.

MARGARET LANE

"Isn't It a Shame?"

IT was like a wet week-end in the Lakes, an affair of mackintoshes, sou'westers, sweaters, rucksacks and sleeping bags. The news that Everest had been climbed was bitterly appropriate in the freezing wind, and thousands who slept out in the Mall or got it straight from the North in Regent Street could easily imagine they were up on the Western Cwm. They had a shower or two in the afternoon, as they settled on their newspapers, and then the rain poured on them half the night. This did not deject them; clearly, when they came away, they were pleased with themselves, satisfied, and in good temper. One could still pick them out afterwards as far away as the Whitechapel Road: people with the ruddy open-air look—or was it feverishness?—the girls with the tousled hair. The few lunatics who took their children were, as usual, rewarded: these solemn cocoons of blanket woke up in the morning and went on *all* day as fresh as ever. Perhaps it will turn out like the blitz; there will be no epidemics and we shall be able to talk of the royal touch now we can no longer talk about royal weather.

On the eve, the sight in the dormitory area, and especially in the great public doss-house and double bed of Pall Mall, was hard to believe in. Our civilisation has turned people into eager nomads; the crowd into immensely respectable members of a summer school or youth hostel. The old Victorian mob seems to have vanished in London; you could never have been frightened by this crowd. One highbrow group was singing *Au clair de la lune*, and broke down, of course, in traditional English style at the third line; lots of young men were reading books by some distant lamp-light; a young girl, pushed and stepped over, was kneeling up and murmuring over her tiny book of prayers. The singing, when it started up here and there, was fitful and terrible, starting with a bang and ending very quickly in the English whimper. Why were there no bands and musical instruments? There *was* one ex-Servicemen's band playing up St. James's, with the usual small group of female hysterics of an older generation prancing behind it, and this did start a lorry load of officials from the Metropolitan Water Board dancing a few steps, too. These huge urban crowds in English industrial cities like shuffling, walking, amiably drifting endlessly round the blocks, and occasionally letting out a sudden and violent "Yah! Yah! Yah!" or a headstrong "Knees-up, Mother Brown," and one can see that their own faces are surprised at them. Anyone who expected the little dances round the corner, the pleasant little private parties, the intimate side-show, did not understand the centre of great cities. The modern standard crowd is good, but it lacks any sense of amusing itself in public; this does not mean, however, that it is bored. It has simply lost a faculty in being trained by the rubber stamp.

There is a queer satisfaction, that terrible English righteousness, in this frustration. A group of girls in Trafalgar Square did the first two lines of "Knees-up" before their tolerant young men made them give up. "You could do it," one of them said tutorially, "on the Continent and in America, but you can't do it here." Fundamentally, they were deeply pleased that they could not. I did not notice that the trade in coloured hats was very brisk. There was, in general, a notable efficiency about the campers and drifters, and one saw an occasional non-mass man or woman vainly trying to emulate the new revelation on the kerb. I saw one of those London "cases," one of those women who live on park seats and whose food is the bottle, sitting round the corner off Regent Street, in a hopelessly unstrategic position, trying to do the right thing and wrap one sheet of a wet, torn newspaper round her ankles and watch it blow away piece by piece.

This night was damp, black, delightful. We had driven the traffic off the streets, we were intoxicated by electricity, shop windows and catcalls. ("Ol' miserable!" was the thing to shout at anyone riding on top of a car!) One party toured in a pink, Emett-railway kind of taxi, modest, elderly people from some small shop, one imagined, who seemed abashed by the notice they got. And then there was the draw of the Palace. The drifters had one private object at the back of their minds: to get to the Palace, if possible. I don't know what notions they have about the monarchy, but I think they have learned to regard it as a family like their own, and hope that by mass force they can winkle it out on to the balcony. In the Mall one did feel that alarming side of crowd life: its hypnotism, its driving force, its octopus-sucking power. One felt here the dangerous, delightful release when the feet seem to go a foot above the ground, when one can be blown by a rumour or swept on or back by a rush. A pair of lovers came through the Admiralty Arch (where we were twenty or thirty deep in steady march) and stopped, entwined, and kissed before the sight of the sacred and distant building. It must have been, for them, like kissing before the moon, and was transfiguring. Another woman rushed away from the Mall in tears: "I can't help it. I cried when she got married and I cried when she was crowned."

The morning after the night out was awful. The cold boredom from seven o'clock till the procession started! Outside the barriers, London was the wasteland. One or two recalcitrants, having earned heavy overtime fixing up last-minute seats, grumbled that they had missed their buses —"The bosses have no consideration." One walked down deserted streets, and suddenly from the hospital wall came the horribly extra-human voice of Big Brother saying "Now she alights from the coach." Another London was packed away behind drawn curtains with the "telly," some pubs were locked or empty. If this was, as some say, a brewer's Coronation, the brewer can reckon that T.V. is going to be as decisive a factor as the cinema was in changing the English boozing, as distinct from the English drinking habits. We had a solemn T.V. session, like a Sunday school class, in our pub. A man who audibly said he hoped the crown would slip, or a marquess fall down the steps, was shut up at once. These infantile and vulgar hopes had no justification. The ceremony in the Abbey was Shakespearean and the history play was *now*. Even the aberrations of the machine were pleasing. Brought up on French impressionism, the abstract, the *fauve*, the surrealists, one recognises at once the contortions of television: the hula-hula movements of eminent persons swimming along like tadpoles, turning into flaking Italian primitives and suddenly somersaulting into Braque and a page of the *Illustrated London News*. On the "telly" the ceremony was profoundly moving and poetic, perhaps because such a load of the past was being imposed upon one tiny figure. It was that moment in the fairy tale when delight turns into tears. But the appearance of the Moderator, with his Bible and his plain homily on the Druidical scene, was a severe reminder that the Scots are not going to let the monarchy dissolve into poetry and ritual. The old puritan comes out in us: John Knox resuscitated, the Moderator stood there like an argument.

That afternoon the rest of London still looked like a deserted county. The wind drove and the rain poured at Islington. In this neighbourhood some of the cul-de-sacs were brilliantly decorated. The effect was of grottos under the flags or of toy theatres. There the teas would have been held in the streets, but amid general cries of "Isn't it a shame?" the mothers bundled up the stuff into halls and schools, and that is not the same thing. The pubs were getting into voice here. An uncontrollable old man was well on into one of these quick, mirthless and tuneless Cockney songs about his mother-in-law and how handy the Serpentine was; and from one or two pubs on the way to Dalston came that sound like a cat being slowly crushed, which shows that some local Britannia is in voice. West India Dock Road was like the grave. In a new housing estate there was a high-minded effort at community singing for the spotless little children. In Poplar I saw only one poor tiny party, with the piano getting wet and grandfather dressed in pink pyjamas and a feather hat. "Are you all right?" called grandpa and offered a plate of buns. He looked sad. The Isle of Dogs was empty. "Everyone's up West. We've decided to have the parties at the week-end." The great central suction of modern cities overpowers local life. The Victorian monastry has gone.

Still, one met the locals swarming back. Perhaps they did contrive to dance in the puddles in Islington, after all. In Piccadilly it was a matter of shovelling up the muck from under the feet of thousands. White ambulances brought their sadistic thrill: a marvel to see a car move in this crowd. Figures in grey toppers were gaped at with a democratic mixture of awe and ridicule. Conversation started. I mean, for the first time people were willing to listen to each other. "I saw my old C.O." "People fainted three a minute." "Never want to see smoked salmon nor anything in aspic again." "My poor dog has been shut up all day."

By nine o'clock it was becoming whoopee. Early casualties were being supported by other good old pals or very strong wives. The crowds became rivers with heads floating on them. And then the best show of all began—the fireworks. Trees of fire grew up and dissolved in the sky. One splendid thing in frost and silver was like a whole duchess being exploded, every diamond blown to smithereens. Silver fish cavorted in the sky, silver rivers flowed and each bang went straight to the heart. The last detonations were stupendous—a Sibelius finale on the drums. Some people, I know, say there was a marked anti-Coronation feeling. I heard only one person express it on the day and the huge crowds were the answer. Were they there simply on the spree, "to see Selfridges," and so on? Had it very much to do with the Queen herself, the mass-unconscious, the symbolical figure? I think it had. That is the way the irreligious mass-man works. He loves a film star or a crooner, even a leader, and royalty outbids the lot.

V. S. Pritchett

The London Décor

When this article appears, the last flag, tassel, swag, streamer and pelmet will have been fixed, will have served its brief office and be already on the incline to the dust-cart. And by then, I fancy, we shall not be sorry to anticipate the end of decorated London—this litter of strung bits, bearable only as the days mount to *the* moment, intolerable thereafter. It is the popular idea of decoration that it shall be the exact equivalent of making a very loud noise, no matter with what. Tom-toms cannot din louder than the pelmets so unrhythmically hung in some of our streets. Age-old pianos cannot jangle so preposterously as pale-blue and pale-pink paper festoons lolloping round antique lamp-posts swathed in brown spirals. The trouble is that nearly everybody in this country is blind to architecture—it having been far too cheap in our days of prosperity. In times like these it is noticed, often for the first time, and then only as something with peculiar grooves and ledges to which devices in bright colour can conveniently be Rawl-plugged.

To be fair, Londoners in quite honourable numbers have discerned some point in studying their own buildings before decorating them—in washing them for one thing (observe, among Victoriana, what the Crédit Lyonnais has found under the soot of Lombard Street!) and, for another, in devising a careful décor which really has the effect of making a poor building richer and a rich building decorously opulent. There has probably been slightly more appreciation of design than on the last occasion and a greater tendency to employ professional advice. The gesture of Westminster City Council in retaining Sir Hugh Casson's services was imaginative and has been rewarded—even though Sir Hugh's own wit and artistry appear rather fitfully under the avalanche of more fulsome enterprise.

Leaving the general picture, which will be swiftly forgotten, for those particular things which deserve to be (or, at any rate, will be) remembered, let us pass rapidly along the route. And let us begin by congratulating the Ministry of Works on a really magnificent effort. The annexe to Westminster Abbey—an adroit marriage between a super-band-stand and the British Government Pavilion in a colonial exhibition—is surely a complete success: just a trifle old-fashioned, as official art should always be, but with a largeness of scale and technical competence which come fully abreast of the occasion. Equally good are the stands in Parliament Square, planned to make one sweeping amphitheatre—no ugly ends or botched levels. And then Whitehall, where the public offices are gorgeously swagged, corded and canopied; again, largeness of scale, strong colours and decisive relationships between architecture and décor produce a regal and pompous result. To which, it may be added, Sir Hugh Casson's batteries of helmeted masts—two dozen streaming plumes frozen in the air—give a mischievous pantomimic twist, as if to remind us that at this moment in history we are all acting—and why not?—rather like children.

Then, the Mall. I cannot really and truly like the Ministry's new-style triumphal arches. It was a good idea to punctuate the vista in this way, but intersecting parabolas are uncouth toys; their profile in perspective is not enchanting. Besides, there is a Festival of Britain air about parabolas —a psychological slip.

Pall Mall, on the other hand, seat of Conservatism, glories in the essence of its being. Neo-Sangallo and neo-Sansovino are buttoned into stands draped as if for forthcoming solemn joists and tourneys. If the stands in Parliament Square

have the wide-awake modernity of Wimbledon and Lords, those of Pall Mall court the stateliness of Hall's *Chronicle*. Indeed, Pall Mall and St. James's Street seem to have agreed to strike the heraldic note (I believe Sir Hugh had a hand in this). The agreement has not been absolute, but St. James's Street does blazon itself in a way that no other London street has even attempted. Somebody seems to have been possessed of esoteric knowledge about not putting *gules* on *azure* or *azure* on *gules*. If only the science of heraldry had more initiates, how much less exhausting Coronation London would be!

Piccadilly, with scarlet roses gushing out of basket horns, brings us through many decorative adventures to Hyde Park Corner, where the cold façade of St. George's Hospital is rather improved by the addition of dressed balconies. From here the route follows the east drive of Hyde Park: Park Lane peers enviously over the stands. One must stop at the Dorchester to see an extravaganza of considerable dimensions, with candelabra all up the entrance front and, on the Park side, a massive sylvan grotto whence the Nine Worthies *could* appropriately declaim Latin at Her Majesty—if only Her Majesty were within ear-shot. Failing some such maque-like episode, I am not sure that I see the point in this mightily skilful camouflage.

And so, by Marble Arch into Oxford Street, whose masts (by an ingenious application of chicken-wire) rehearse a gesture of benediction all the way to Oxford Circus. This is the terrain of the great Stores, and they have done themselves, and us, proud. The slowly rotating crowns of C. and A. are amusing, but I more particularly liked D. H. Evans, whose austere façade is powdered with tiny outline shields. But the big thing, of course, is Selfridge's tableau. Our Tudor ancestors surely would have enjoyed this, though they might have been more diffident than we about presenting the regnant Sovereign on this heroic scale—they would have erected a King Arthur. The display is wonderfully efficient; the horse is the right size and the scarlet and gold hangings squeeze every ounce of ostentation from a façade which nobody has ever called reticent. Aimed at the great heart of the broad masses, Selfridge's scores a thumping bull and does so with architectural honesty.

Noticing, in passing, that Bond Street has become a decorous vista of red banners, we reach Oxford Circus and find it gracefully masted and corded so that, for once, it really looks circular. Here we are arrived at the Grand Flop, the whipping-boy of the show—Regent Street. There is, of course, nothing much to be said for this dismal repetition of a wrong-headed theme, but what unnecessary pleasure its failure has given! Somebody, I suppose, has got to wear the Dunce's cap, and that it should be proud Regent Street appeals to the urchin in all of us—like when the captain of the school fails the Little-go or the general's horse runs away with him. There are more painful things than Regent Street in Coronation London, though none, one must admit, goes on for quite so long.

Cupid's cage in Piccadilly Circus (a Casson witticism) brings me to a very nice full-stop. But the West End is not London; and I must add that the City should be visited by young and old alike—by the old for nostalgia's sake, by the young to catch the flavour of the Edwardian hey-day taste. Here, E.7 could be substituted for E.2 throughout, without æsthetic anachronism. Banners and banners and banners sail over Cheapside, and all the way from St. Paul's to Temple Bar, hitched to a regular snowstorm of white swaggery. It is as handsome as can be.

JOHN SUMMERSON

English Diary

ENGLAND has no Republican Party, and is not likely to have one in the near future. But I would hazard a bet that the Coronation has increased the number of inarticulate people who feel that, after all, the whole thing is out of date, antiquated stuff, deliberately revitalised as a means of setting back the democratic clock. Remember that TV works both ways. Because so many millions could enjoy the pageant, the Queen is more popular than any former monarch. But many people, who were happy to cheer her, were shocked to find that her Coronation was wholly feudal. They had been told that the monarchy symbolised our increasingly democratic way of life; but they watched a beautifully produced theatrical performance in which almost no one below the rank of a baron took part (was not the black Moderator the only exception?), while, apart from the Queen herself, the chief roles were played by the Archbishop, the Mistress of the Robes, and other medieval persons. What is the sense of taking all the aristocracy out of moth-balls (not even leavening it with the Commons) and then telling us we are watching something that represents Britain and the Commonwealth? How came it that such an opportunity for real symbolism was missed? Working-class England was simply forgotten. And what of the Buddhist, Islamic, Hindu and African worlds? The Queen of Tonga's popularity should at least have given a hint. But no, after months of steady B.B.C. and newspaper build-up we were given a ceremony more national, more exclusive, more medieval than ever before. David Low gets it right in his *Manchester Guardian* cartoon. On the morning after, the floor is littered with fairy-story books and the face in the television set is that of Reality, less comely and consoling than Queen Elizabeth's. I have often argued the case for an increasingly democratic monarchy as most suitable to a nation aiming at a Welfare State. But we are not now moving towards the "king on a bicycle."

* * *

The week before the Coronation I spent in Somerset and Devon. I had forgotten that for miles on end the hedges were made of beech. I was not sure that I should find that the road to the West, whether you go by Salisbury or by Amesbury, was still a country road, unbuilt upon and mostly unstraightened, and unimproved. I feared that the wide views I knew as a boy cycling on these Western roads would be shut off by the hideous confusion of garages, hoardings and rib-boned cottages that now spread like a disease over so much of the Thames Valley and the Home Counties. In Devonshire I found long stretches of virgin sand where, in May at least, one had the Atlantic to oneself and where it was possible for a prentice hand to practise surf-riding with no one but the gulls to watch. Above, the cliffs are ablaze with gorse, or sometimes shimmering with a purple blend of bluebells and campions. On the headland itself sea-pinks grow so thick that you must walk on them as you climb down to the rocks where on the smallest of ledges the gulls sit tight covering their eggs. High up you will see buzzards and, if you are lucky (which I wasn't) a pair of peregrine falcons. Given sunshine, I know of nowhere in Europe, America, Asia or Africa more lovely than this Devonshire country. But then, how seldom you are given sunshine! And if you were, I suppose Devon and Cornwall would be as crowded as Capri or Miami.

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Could anyone think of a less distinguished combination of colours than our conventional red, white and blue? Our? They have not even the merit of being exclusive; the tricolour defeats French as it defeats British taste and ingenuity. But everywhere on the road people were doing their best. The Quaker village of Street, in Somerset, greets you with arches less elaborate, but not essentially different, from those that welcome you into the Royal Borough of Kensington; the chief difference is that in Street the arches spring from buttercup fields as you go in and are anchored to plum trees as you go out. Nature has done the job in the Vale of Avalon; white and red chestnut candles were burning against a vivid blue sky. At Chitterne, decoration and utility were nicely blended on a washing line where red, white and blue pennants hung amongst dish cloths and diapers. The best results were in small towns—I am thinking of places like Barnstaple, Wiveliscombe, Appledore, Bideford—which had left off worrying about red, white and blue and had just gone gay with new paint and flags of all colours and streamers that would have done for the 1951 Festival as well as for this year's Coronation. Those who planted to get Coronation colours were too often disappointed; one lady who had worked hard to get her blue and red hydrangeas had failed with the white, and another who had relied on geraniums had to fill in with blue lobelia. But the most spectacular of Coronation favours I saw was on a road under repair not so far from Stonehenge, where against a white wall a man with a royal blue shirt waved us back with the red flag of danger. I was still chuckling about this when I got back to my Essex garden. Here at least there was peace from Coronation designs. I stood astonished. A bank of the reddest of red peonies had burst into bloom. Beside them, was a dazzling border of white stonecrop. And lest there should be any question of my patriotism, forget-me-nots, blue Japanese irises, aubretia and purple flags vied with one another to complete the royal design!

* * *

I had noticed as I passed in the road that almost every village and town had its Coronation pageant, its mock cricket match, or comic sports. Once I read "Elizabethan Olde Tyme Ball with an all-coloured orchestra." I wish I could have attended this festivity. Instead, on my return to East Anglia, I saw an Elizabethan play acted by the Thaxted Chronicle Players. The authoress had a bright idea. If we were not tired of calling ourselves Elizabethans—and surely most of us are—what would the Elizabethans themselves have to say of our pretence? And so we see on the stage the inhabitants of the village of Great Cuckoo trying wanly to do a period pageant only to find themselves beset by the ghosts of real Elizabethans. Naturally they object to "thousands of worthy citizens in dyed sheets and window curtains pruttocking about as Elizabethans"; what is the use of pretending that this blessed Island is still a demi-Paradise, is still (except for a few airbases) a precious stone set in the silver sea? The gist of this gay and moral tale was that in our day as in the 16th century a Queen is better than a Hitler (though the Tudors were totalitarian enough in all conscience) and that the best things we can celebrate about ourselves today are that we are tolerant (as the Elizabethans were not) and still able to laugh rather than hate.

* * *

On Coronation morning in my own village we fetched to the new memorial hall all the old people who couldn't get there under their own steam. And after a terrible quarter of an hour when it seemed as if the three television sets were all bewitched (they proved merely to be switched off at the main), a hundred people (which is about half the total population) sat down to enjoy

themselves. Everyone did, I think, until the point when the Queen was actually crowned. After that, people became restive; the Communion service was frankly a bore; the proportion of people who believed in the religious side of the Coronation was obviously very small. One (sophisticated) young woman afterwards said to me that she loved the pageantry, but found the religion repulsive and could scarcely help laughing at comic stuff about the Gold and Silver Sticks, the Blue and Red Mantles, and the various Garter dignitaries. One village housewife said, quite solemnly, when the Queen appeared: "She couldn't buy that robe out of her housekeeping money, could she?" And a particularly pious Churchgoer remarked, as we looked out at the driving rain: "I don't want to be blasphemous, but I do feel that God Almighty might have done his bit, too."

* * *

Since his favourite reading was the footnotes of Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, Seymour Cocks would, I think, have appreciated the irony of his own funeral last Wednesday morning in the grey windy hangover of the Coronation spree. The few members of his family, half a dozen Labour back benchers, and one Peer—Oliver Baldwin, his closest personal friend—had gathered to honour the memory of a remarkable man who in the 1930s was one of Labour's few incisive spokesmen on foreign affairs. His two heroes were H. W. Nevinson and E. D. Morel. With the latter he worked in the U.D.C. and later wrote his biography. Crippled by an accident in childhood, Cocks was never able to fill the part expected of him by his naval-minded Plymouth family. For nearly a quarter of a century he was the beloved M.P. for Broxtowe, a Nottinghamshire miners' constituency. One of his less publicised activities was composing many of the advertisements which made the Pelman Institute famous. His main private interests were poetry and the Classics; Greece, as I discovered when he headed a Parliamentary Mission to Athens after the war, was the passion of his life. It was typical of him that he taught himself to speak colloquial French when he was sixty-five years old. Principally he will be remembered as an excellent House of Commons man. In spite of his I.L.P. and U.D.C. opinions he was a radical, not a Socialist. He was strongly anti-pacifist and ready to use British power on behalf of all underdogs. He had the old fashioned notion that a House of Commons speech was really important and it was his pride to incorporate in each of his elaborately prepared speeches witty, scathing, and yet basically good-tempered comments on his opponents. Perhaps his last important act in politics was to formulate the idea of an "agreement to disagree" with the Soviet Union which was developed in this journal and which Ernest Bevin borrowed from Cocks in his last Labour Conference speech.

CRITIC

PLAYER KNIGHT

When in the chronicle of honoured names
I read descriptions of illustrious wights,
When dignity is dignified by Dames
And valour's multiplied by valorous knights,
When grants and patents of nobility
Like shining stars on all deservers rain,
When in the blazon of new chivalry
Law, letters, science, arts, fresh honours gain,
Then none of all more truly seems deserved
Than his, among this flowering knighthood seen,
Who has so well the stage of Shakespeare served.
The king of players, who has sometimes been
Leontes, Prospero, Richard, and anon
Hamlet, sweet prince, has now been dubbed, Sir John.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Nudist colony near Wokingham, Berks, have offered £1 reward for the capture of a man seen running naked near the camp. They say he is not one of their members.—*Reynolds News.* (L. Wood.)

Should I treat sex as just a wholesome, normal function?

Nothing could be more vulgar. The most exquisite nuances of romances are flowers of inhibition, frustration, guilt-feelings and forbidden dreams.—*Sunday Pictorial.* (Alan C. Brazendale.)

Col. H. M. E. Flateau said, "A salute of guns will do the children far more good than stuffing their stomachs with cream ices. It is time the children of Tenby were taught something more than what they are taught to-day."—*Western Mail.* (R. R. Lawson.)

White fan-tailed pigeons have had their tails dyed red, white and blue, and rabbits' tails have been similarly dyed, at Wellingborough Zoo.—*Birmingham Post.* (L. M. West.)

Sergeant J. O' Hara, called as a witness for defendants, said . . . there was nothing against them except motoring or smuggling offences.—*Belfast Telegraph.* (Roberta Hewitt.)

M. Paul Reynaud is . . . the best man the French could choose. His English is as good as his French.—*Evening Standard.* (Munro.)

Trigger-happy Transvaal

THE day before I left Johannesburg this time, a flying squad of Swart's police went to a beer-hall in van Wielligh Street because they had "received a report that a Native there had firearms." In the process of entering the beer-hall and throwing their weight around, they encountered resistance, withdrew under a pelting of stones, and opened fire. Five Natives, adds the newspaper account, were taken to hospital with bullet wounds. After the brief distractions of last April's General Election, the Transvaal has lost no time in getting back to normalcy.

It is normalcy with a difference. Africans and policemen have been exchanging stones and bullets for a good many years, off and on; and most Whites in South Africa will think it invidious, and certainly in poor taste, to draw attention to the fact. But latterly the stones have tended to be sharper and the bullets more frequent; and the sense of a fatal dynamism in the course of events, of a flood-tide leading on not to fortune but disaster, erupts through the surface of a daily life which is still—for the Whites—luxurious and easy-going.

A stray visitor can see this quickly enough, because the skin that covers the inner conflicts and revolts of South African life is now very thin, and getting quickly thinner. In practice there is little in daily life that remains outside the grasp of a legal system whose nature tends more and more to make a mockery of law. Every trivial fall from grace may open an offender to dire penalties. I noticed one of these the other day when glancing through a recent volume of Appeal Court records; and I give it here as a potent and reasonably typical comment on a country where *legalism* now tends to usurp the place of every sane and decent regulator of human behaviour.

Case of R. v. B. and H. (Cape Province Division) February, 1953: van Wissen J.—The accused in this case were charged with a contravention of Section One of Act 5 of 1927 as amended by Act 21 of 1950, in that accused No. 1, being a male European person, had intercourse with accused No. 2, being a non-European female person . . . The accused both pleaded not guilty, but were found guilty by the magistrate of Wynberg and each were sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labour . . .

"Briefly," the learned judge continued, "the evidence adduced on behalf of the Crown was to the effect that at 12.30 on the morning of August 16 last year, Constable van Wyk, with Native Constable Sikolo, went to a tea-room called the Green Lawn Restaurant at Hout Bay. They went to a room which both claim was lit by an electric light, and they looked through the window of this room and saw the two accused having intercourse with each other . . . "

Now the issue which was really at stake in this appeal—which failed—was not whether the law should punish fornication, nor whether the police were justified in collecting their evidence by sneaking and peeping; but whether or not the woman in the case was in fact a non-European. She was able, during appeal, to show that she was by birth a European (and the law, of course, only punishes intercourse between White and non-White); but that availed her nothing. For some time before her arrest she was shown to have been living "as a non-European"—a circumstance which caused the magistrate to rule that she was legally a non-European in spite of having two White parents, since she "appeared" to be a non-European. The Appeal Court found that the magistrate might well have moderated his penalty, but, as it was bound to do, confirmed the sentence. Your "race" in South Africa is what it seems to be, not what it is.

This matter of "race"—and the inverted commas are necessary, since in South Africa the notion of race has become identical with language difference—is nothing academic. Always corrupting and cruel, racial segregation has become ferocious in its consequences. One of the measures enacted by the last Nationalist Government, and now about to be applied by the new Nationalist Government, is the Group Areas Act, a measure designed to annihilate the last formal possibilities of residential integration in a country where White and non-White are thrown more and more closely together by economic pressures, and cannot live without each other. Even if this Act is applied with the usual "tolerance" allowable in South Africa for inefficiency—or the very general recognition that many laws cannot possibly be applied in the letter—it will mean the shifting of big urban populations from one area to another, and the loss of livelihood for many non-Whites who have managed to open shops or conduct small businesses in areas declared to be "White."

For those few Whites prepared to make a stand against this rising flood of racialism, and, *a fortiori*, for all non-Whites, the law comes straight out of *Mein Kampf*. You are guilty under the Suppression of Communism Act if you further any of the "objects of Communism," now statutorily registered as the furtherance of "any political, industrial, social or economic change by disturbance, disorder, or unlawful acts or omissions"—a definition, as a little thought will show, which includes everything but the kitchen stove. As defence counsel have argued, this "statutory Communism" applies to any group of men protesting about anything by marching in the street without a permit (or, given the atmosphere of the lower courts, of *seeming* to march in the street), and, indeed, to the Nationalist Government itself—for passing the Separate Representation of Coloured Voters Act which the Appeal Court subsequently declared to be illegal.

Most of the non-White leaders can now be seen only by breaking the law—by inviting them, that is, to meet you and thus attend what the law may

well interpret, if it pleases, as a "gathering." Most of them are prohibited from attending any gathering of any kind; and the law leaves it to the magistrate—who is usually a crusading Nationalist—to interpret the word "gathering." African leaders like Walter Sisulu, for example, cannot enter a crowded shop, or take a hair-cut during the busy hours of the day, without opening themselves to the risk of arrest. This means that they can be arrested whenever it suits the police.

All this, though, is small beer when set beside the Acts of last February. Designed to crush the passive resistance movement against racial discrimination, which the non-White Congresses had conducted with great and growing success, the Criminal Law Amendment Act and the Public Safety Act raise the furies of dictatorship to a level hitherto excelled only by Hitler. The second Act makes it possible for the Government to declare a state of emergency in the Union or any part of the Union at any time, and to enact emergency regulations designed to cope with almost any conceivable situation; the first Act needs to be read to be believed. Two main provisions deserve quoting in full:

> 1. Whenever any person is convicted of an offence which is proved to have been committed by way of protest, or in support of any campaign against any law or in support of any campaign for the repeal or modification of any law, or the variation or limitation of the application or administration of any law, the court convicting him may, notwithstanding anything to the contrary in any other law contained, sentence him to—
> (a) a fine not exceeding three hundred pounds; or
> (b) imprisonment for a period not exceeding three years; or
> (c) a whipping not exceeding ten strokes; or
> (d) both such fine and such imprisonment; or
> (e) both such fine and such a whipping; or
> (f) both such imprisonment and such a whipping.

But this is not the whole story. Supposing you simply *suggest* a protest against the Pass Laws and their like? The next section takes care of that:

> 2. Any person who—
> (a) in any manner whatsoever advises, encourages, incites, commands, aids or procures any other person or persons in general; or
> (b) uses any language or does any act or thing calculated to cause any person or persons in general,
> to commit an offence by way of protest against a law or in support of any campaign against any law . . . etc., etc. . . .

shall receive penalties set forth in Section One, except that the fine may rise to £500, and the length of imprisonment to five years (the maximum of lashes remaining generously at ten). Furthermore, you are guilty under Section Two if you solicit, accept, receive, offer, or give "any money or other article" for the purpose of assisting any campaign or act of protest involving breach of the law.

The first prosecution under this Act was of a certain Arthur Matlala, an African of Johannesburg, who was prosecuted for acts allegedly committed on February 26, or six days *before* this law was gazetted by the Government. He was found guilty of "incitement" (fined £50 or six months' hard labour), and guilty of soliciting money for the passive resistance campaign; sentence, one year's imprisonment and eight strokes.

Wherein lay the alleged incitement? In Matlala's possession the police found a copy of Fowler and Smit's *New History for Senior Certificate for Matriculation*. "Certain passages in the book that deal with the French Revolution had been marked in red and blue pencil. Among these were passages describing how the people of Paris had attacked the Bastille." Can you blame the magistrate, staunch defender of White civilisation and Western values, for fining the man £50, with the option of six months' hard?

Johannesburg, May. BASIL DAVIDSON

Government Training Centre

AFTER many months of unemployment interrupted by short spells of work as a railwayman, a street trader, a commercial traveller and finally as a clerk in one of the Ministries, I had given up hope that the efforts of the Appointments Office would bring about a change in my dismal situation. Well-publicised and documented by statistics as these efforts were, I remained one of the "hard core" cases on the Register of this institution. To professional philanthropists my plight was uninteresting and irrelevant. A criminal record would have been an asset. It is meritorious to redeem the old lag. The innocent and blameless stand in no need of redemption.

At length, after an exchange of letters, I was graciously accorded an interview with one of the more important officials of the Regional Appointments Office. An elderly gentleman, wearing in his buttonhole the badge of the Rotary Club, gave me a long lecture. They were doing all they could for me, my letters had been irritants, the employment position was bad, but they would keep my name for future reference, though, by having accepted in the recent past work that was outside the scope of my profession, I had forfeited the right to be retained on the Appointments Register. Would I keep in mind that the fact that my name had not been deleted from this sacred scroll was a special favour?

Limping from Tavistock Square to Euston Road I bitterly reflected that in the eyes of officialdom I had become a *déclassé*, though *pro tem.* vested with special privileges. However, bitter thoughts do not butter any parsnips. So, a few days later I wrote a letter to my Rotarian and asked him whether it was possible to learn shorthand under the auspices of the Appointments Office. Three days afterwards I was invited to see the Training Officer of the Labour Exchange of my district, a kindly and somewhat tired-looking elderly man with a gentle voice. He asked me to complete two forms, scrutinised them and finally said:

"Actually you are fully trained in your profession. It is really up to the Appointments Office to find suitable employment for you. Still, I'll see what I can do for you. But don't forget: as a shorthand-typist you will earn much less than you did in the past and it may take anything up to five months before you can start your course."

However, three weeks later I found myself in a large utilitarian brick building on the outskirts of London bearing on its frontal facade the words: GOVERNMENT TRAINING CENTRE. We, the new entrants, were issued with clocking cards, went to the stores where we were issued with knife, fork and spoon, and then split up into groups according to our future trade. Sixteen of us gathered in the shorthand-typing class. There we were addressed by a bewildering host of officials who instructed us what we must not do. The acts punished with immediate expulsion, if perpetrated behind the well-guarded gates of the Centre, included flirtation and larceny. Obviously we were not to be trusted.

After two hours of edifying lectures on these and similar topics, yet another official gentleman came to our classroom. Our maintenance grants, he told us, were public money for which we ought to be duly appreciative. After having dwelt for fifteen minutes on this subject, he concluded by saying that the code of behaviour laid down by those running the Government Training Centre might well inaugurate "a new chapter in industrial relations." In 1940 I had received similar instructions from my first Sergeant-Major; but he had been more concise and had not called it "a new chapter in industrial relations." Apprehensively and dejectedly we waited for our instructor. We had been told bluntly by one of our lecturers:

"Our instructors are practical men. We do not employ teachers. Your instructor, Mr. X. is very strict. If you are five minutes late you will have to wait outside the classroom for a whole hour."

I was fully prepared for a Frankenstein Monster. Instead, a tall, erect middle-aged man with a bush of steel-grey hair and a smiling face entered the classroom. For seven months he strove patiently to acquaint us with shorthand and touch-typing, taking a genuine interest in our private problems and interspersing the dreary and platitudinous exercises conducive to our skills with humorous remarks and stories. Thanks to him life became bearable.

The bureaucrats running the lives of 200 trainees did their best to make things difficult. There was a Manager, an Assistant Manager, two Chief Instructors who instructed nothing and no one, Cashiers and Sub-Cashiers, Clerks and Typists. Some of them worked, the others were assisted in their tasks by three or four fierce Messenger-Gatekeepers. Every Wednesday we lined up for pay parade. Our grants were roughly on the National Assistance Scale; in addition we were paid our fares to and from the Centre. While these scales are sufficient to maintain an existence on subsistence level, it is hard to try to study while deprived of everything but the most elementary necessities.

The pay parades were quite an event. With the trainees of the other sections—engineers, watchmakers, tailors, carpenters, hair-dressers—we stood in a large workshop. Class by class we passed a little office with a shutter window. Inside the office there were three or four pay clerks passing the pay packets to the window as we marched past. Facing us stood our Instructor calling out our names and numbers. The process was closely watched by the Manager, the Assistant Manager, the Chief Instructors, the bull-necked Cashier and—more often than not—by two Auditors seconded to the Centre for the occasion. At the gate of the workshop there was a box into which we had to drop the empty pay packets; this process, too, was supervised by one of the gatekeepers. The presence of so many dignitaries during pay parades bore fruit; for they were followed by admonitions read to the class. Someone had been talking in the queue; this indignity must cease forthwith. Thus we observed strict silence. But soon another *faux pas* was discovered: female trainees were in the habit of taking their handbags to the pay parade. The opening and closing of handbags held up proceedings. Would they put their pay in their pockets and leave the handbags behind? That most women had no pockets was of little importance.

Food in the canteen was ample and unpalatable. It was laboriously and conscientiously spoilt by a host of cooks. Remonstrations to the Welfare Officer or to the Nurse were of no avail. They passed the buck. We were asked to use the proper channels. The matter ought to be submitted to the Social Committee, which in turn would make representations to the Manager. Though the function of the Social Committee was to organise dances, we elected a delegate. Mrs. P., a former Civil Servant, a strong-willed and eloquent woman, attended a meeting of the Committee. In the end she had to concede

ULSTER FARM

A *PROGRESSIVE* dairy farmer in Ulster who wanted to improve his grassland asked I.C.I. how modern methods of grassland management could best be applied to his farm. Accordingly the local representative of I.C.I.'s agricultural technical service visited the farm and a grassland development programme was planned and put into operation. Its object was to grow more grass — grass for grazing, and grass to make hay and silage for winter feeding. Over a period of 4 years the use of fertilisers was stepped up progressively from 5 cwt. per acre to 9 cwt. per acre, and from April to October grazing was carefully rationed by means of electrically charged fences moved twice a day. The effects of these methods were far reaching. The amount of silage made on the farm increased from 85 tons in 1947 to 450 tons in 1950; consumption of bought feeding-stuffs was halved, and the farmer was able to add to the numbers of his dairy herd every year. As a result, milk production rose steadily from 223 gallons per acre in 1946 to 344 gallons per acre in 1951. Dairy farms in many parts of the United Kingdom are now successfully applying similar methods.

ICI

defeat. The Manager ruled that the food was inadequate and tasty. A few days later there were several dozens of trainees down with food poisoning. Swift action was taken. The local health authorities were contacted and sent three lecturers to the Centre. All female typists were asked to attend three lectures on food hygiene. Some of the cooks were also present.

On some occasions, we were deprived of our Instructor and just marked time. Pressure of office work had become so overwhelming that he was ordered to help out in the office. Nevertheless, in the end we learned shorthand; and, through our own efforts or the endeavours of the Placing Officer, who was one of the few just and righteous, we found work. Though we were slightly demoralised by our object lesson in "a new chapter in industrial relations," our qualifications were enhanced.

There is a moral: the rehabilitation of those unemployed who are unable to find work in their own professions and trades is a splendid idea deserving support and publicity. The manner of the execution of this task often endangers and vitiates the aim. The danger is that the Training Centres will become discredited and shunned. At present they reek of the workhouse.

K. L. DOWSON

Report on Morocco

II. DU CÔTÉ DES MOULAYS

M. BONIFACE, the fire-eating Prefect of Casablanca, had talked to me of the Sultan with scarcely concealed contempt. He was just a nuisance, an ambitious man only out to increase his own personal authority with his so-called "reforms." If he had encouraged the Istiqlal rowdies, it was because he fancied himself as a kind of Führer. But his prestige wasn't as great as he liked to imagine: the Berber South, with its strong democratic traditions—"much more democratic than the Arab centralist and theocratic conceptions"—did not think much of him. The religious Fraternities throughout the country thought him a bad "*Sherif*." In Morocco, large sections of the population were opposed to totalitarian Moslemism and worshipped their local saints. Neither the temporal nor the spiritual power of the Sultan, said M. Boniface, was as great as some imagined.

From the *fonctionnaires* in Rabat I got expressions of a not dissimilar view. "The Sultan is modernist, but in an oriental, 'Faroukish' kind of way: he doesn't like to see his power watered down. And, in fact, he's a good deal more frightened of his own nationalists than of us. So he goes on asking for absurd municipal reforms and for full trade union rights we just can't accept. Really, we've no right to throw the Moroccan people into the arms of extremists."

All this was revealing talk. Play off the Berbers against the Arabs; encourage the feudal lords of the South and the reactionary, obscurantist Fraternities, to gang up against the Sultan and, if not to overthrow him, at least to isolate him more and more—this, I suspected, was M. Boniface's ambition; and, to judge by the comments of Rabat officials, he is not alone in this attitude. Certainly the Sultan is in an awkward spot. While at Rabat, I could not see him: he was confined to bed, and would not receive any visitors, owing to a somewhat mysterious accident with a fireworks rocket. I had, however, conversations with his son, Prince Moulay Hassan, and others who know the Sultan well. From these I tried to piece together the Sultan's line.

It would be disastrous, the Sultan feels, if the French suddenly "went"—leaving the country without technicians, police, or administrative cadres. But time-limits should be fixed—say, twenty years for full Home Rule—and meantime steps should be taken to train Moroccan cadres. French economic interests could be fully guaranteed; but, so far, the French had proposed nothing except a few "fragmentary" reforms. The first step should be recognition of the principle of free elections, freedom of assembly, association and the press. After that, the "Elected Municipalities" reform should be brought about. In the French towns, where the French had special economic interests, the municipalities, for a stated period, could be elected on a parity basis (50 per cent. Moroccans, 50 per cent. French). But this plan must not apply, as the French wanted, to all localities. The French must abandon their practice of appointing their "stooges" everywhere: the "educative presence" of the French was all very well, but in practice it had so far always meant that it was the French who took all the decisions.

The Sultan's greatest nightmare is co-sovereignty—the root of the trouble in Tunisia. He is against Frenchmen—except as Moroccan citizens—sitting in any future Parliament. He wants an all-Moroccan Government, assisted by French technicians; and he rejected the "mixed Government" formula proposed to him by General Juin. He is in favour, too, of a reform of the judiciary, with full "separation of powers": that is, the Caid should no longer exercise the triple power of lawmaker, judge and executor of his own decisions. He is prepared to abandon some of his own judicial prerogatives to an independent judiciary. When the French argue that Arab and Berber law machinery is not ready for the application of a legal system based largely on French practice and the French code, and that the Sultan's "modernism" in this matter would create chaos, his reply is that the French argument is based chiefly on their reluctance to reduce the power of the Pashas and Caids, their own "stooges." Finally, the Sultan wants to see complete trade union freedom, whereas the French, who are afraid of a repetition in Morocco of the Tunisian trade union federation, will only consider trade unions with a "mixed"—half French, half Moroccan—Executive.

On all these issues there has been a long conflict between the Sultan and the French. In sum, the French, at present, are monopolising practically all the key positions; and, more important, they aim at perpetuating their presence in any "new" Moroccan institution, whereas the Sultan is anxious that, in any reforms, the door should be left wide open for eventually ousting the French. Having succeeded, in 1951, in inducing the Sultan to disavow the Istiqlal—a disavowal which, a few weeks later the Sultan boldly disavowed as having been made under duress—the French authorities have lately been using a new form of pressure. Since there are certain religiously conservative bodies in Morocco who notably disapprove of the Sultan's "modernism"—*e.g.*, the discarding of the veil by his daughters—the French have been encouraging these, as well as El Glaoui, the Pasha of Marakesh, various tribal chiefs of the South, and even a rather phoney demagogue, named Moulay Idriss, who poses as a purer and more saintly pretender to the Sultan's throne, to make a lot of noise about the Sultan's "unorthodoxy."

At the Palace, they do not exclude the possibility of the Sultan's being deposed—not indeed by the French (which would be awkward) but ostensibly by the "conservatives," who are already "petitioning" for the Sultan's removal. Semi-official French publications can be seen with a feature called "Les Amis de la France"—among whom figure, not the Sultan, but El Glaoui, El Kittani ("the grand old man of the Karayouine of Fez") and other 70-year-olds. When Lord Mountbatten visited Morocco, the French made sure that he would specially attend a feast organised in his honour by El Glaoui. He was not shown the Sultan. At Marakesh, the sale of the Sultan's portraits is prohibited; and when I was there, shopkeepers were being arrested for having pictures of the Sultan in their windows.

The Sultan feels that he is a prisoner of the French in Morocco; hence his repeated request that the Franco-Moroccan negotiations should be transferred from Rabat to Paris, where he knows he can rely on the support of a good deal of French public opinion. But the French Government will not hear of it. The Sultan has decided to go this month to France for a "rest cure"; but whether this plan will be approved remains to be seen: there is no desire at the Residence that the Sultan should have a meeting in France with M. Mauriac, or even MM. Edgar Fauré and Robert Schuman. Meanwhile, the Sultan would really like to know what France's ultimate intentions are. He must have heard remarks like that made to me by an important official: "Believe me, we have no sinister motives; but, in a country which is in a magnificent state of economic boom, we really can't hand things over to Moroccans who would slow everything down. Progress and reform—yes, but no unhealthy haste, please."

"Whatever they do," Prince Moulay Hassan said to me, "time is on our side." Perhaps. With Indo-China on their hands, the French don't want more trouble than necessary in Morocco; and the overthrow of the Sultan *would* cause trouble. I am not sure that the French in Morocco want to put the clock back; but it looks as if many of them just did not want the clock to move at all.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Going to the Dogs

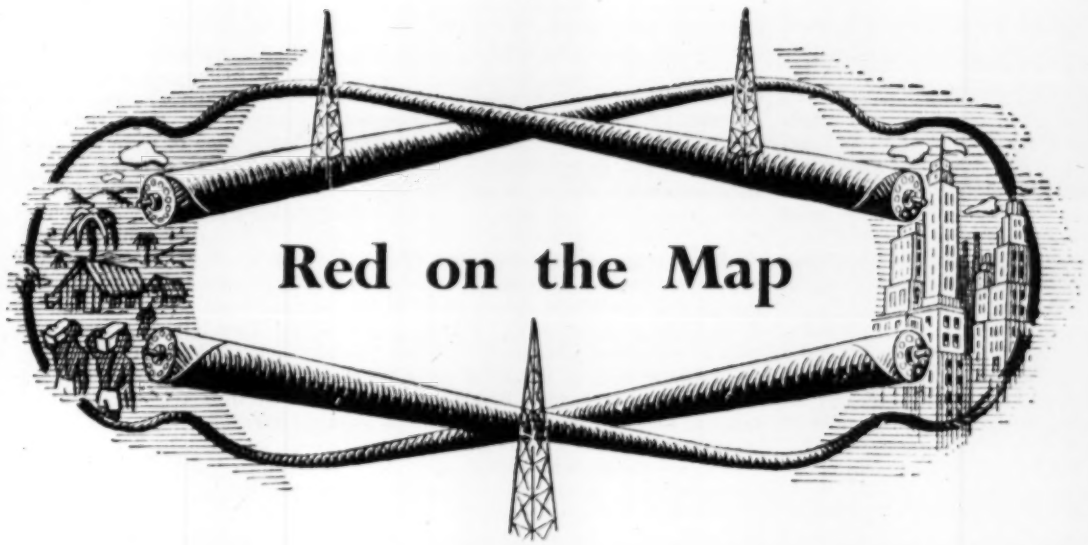
I. THE TEMPLES OF THE CULT.

"So you're off to the dogs," said my tobacconist with a leer, fishing out my favourite brand. "Well, they're born every minute." "Who?" I asked. "Mugs," he said, banging down my packet; "its an institution for them—padded. My advice to you is, keep away." Thus warned, and never even having heard a greyhound bark, I decided that some high-level briefing might be a prudent preliminary . . .

At the offices of the National Greyhound Racing Society, in Jermyn Street, the secretary, Mr. Aldridge, was as courteous, knowledgeable and helpful as the bank manager of the advertisements. "You must understand," he said, "that there is the Greyhound Racing Association, which is a company owning tracks; the National Greyhound Racing Society, which is a trade protection society for Greyhound Racing, dealing with administration; and the National Greyhound Racing Club. Greyhound racing began in this country in 1926—a real Tom Tiddler's ground, then; quite shocking. In 1928, the Society and Club were formed."

Mr. Aldridge handed me some sheets of cyclo-styled paper—reports of suspended kennelmen, pickpockets, general suspects, Tote-ticket forgers; queries about a bookie. He also handed me a bundle of photographs. "Rogues Gallery," he said. "Side and front view. Circularised on all Club tracks." "How many tracks run under the rules of the Club?" I asked. "Alas," he said, "only 55—out of 212. The public don't allow for the difference in tracks. Treat them as all the same. Of course, since 1934, all tracks—

WORDS ROUND THE WORLD



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—even "flapping" tracks, run without Club rules—must be licensed by the local Council, but that doesn't establish any rules of procedure or keep out the crooks.

"Anything else you want to know? Attendances? About 22 million a year on all tracks. Kept fairly steady. Of course we've been hit pretty badly by the Tote betting tax of 1948 which takes away 10 per cent of the winnings. The stadiums take 6 per cent of what's left, and the rest is for the public. A lot of the money now slides to the bookies. They pay a nominal fee to the stadium." I didn't ask him more about money. In 1951, I had already learned, the Tote gathered in £66 million. "Well," continued the secretary with an avuncular gleam, "have a look for yourself. Tonight. White City. . . ."

The first race was at seven-thirty. Upstairs, the stadium provided a large, opulent bar and a restaurant with a view of the track. I wandered about the bar, trying vainly to look like an habitué with money to burn. A tinny relay of trumpets sounded from the loudspeakers, feebly reminiscent of the dark electric summons of the bull ring. Then six dogs paraded the track, led by men in white coats. Outside the bar and inside there was a neurotic flurry of movement. Some queued up for the "forecast" (leading dog and second, generally covered both ways), others for win and place. I studied my race card and tried vainly to feel professional.

Suddenly I saw a face I knew, a coloured face with dazzling white teeth, the proprietor of a night club. "What's the system? How do I bet?" I asked him. "Don't ask me," he shouted, "I'm mad. I just like the sound of a dog's name. Look at this. *Correct Diamond*. Exquisite."

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He rushed off to a tote window. Then we had a drink. There was no need to leave the bar. Many stayed there for all eight races, listening to the loudspeaker. Outside, it was foggy, so foggy that it was hardly possible to see the Tote indicators circling round the odds. There was an introspective, brooding look about the punters, there didn't seem much open participation in the affair. Possibly it is because the dogs, unlike horses, are so small. The tic-tac men performed a silent, almost sinister ballet, passing the odds from one enclosure to the next.

At length, the mechanical hare appeared, gliding round the track, releasing the mechanism of the six traps, and the dogs were off. A few shouts and it was all over, in 30.99 seconds. Bar the photo-finish for second place, which slid down to the judge on a cable. A Lilliputian thrill without any grandeur or beauty. Seen through the fog, the stadium suggested some hopeless, open-air stock exchange. Beside me, in a glass box sat some of the dogs' industrious slaves, press correspondents, mouths glued to telephones. I wandered upstairs into the restaurant. It had an air of subdued glitter, well-bred unexcitement. The *maitre d'hotel* mentioned illustrious names, presented me to Terence Rattigan. "The very man," said Mr. Rattigan. "I'm thinking of running some dogs. What's a fair price today?" I murmured my utter ignorance. "But I understood you were the *Greyhound Express* . . ."

Next day I visited the Wembley kennels. Unlike those of the White City, which are out in the country, they are attached to the stadium. In one of the paddocks, Mr. Reynolds, one of the leading trainers in the country, was teaching a batch of eager, unsophisticated puppies. A "drag" rabbit skin was wound along the course, the traps opened, and the puppies bundled out to the false kill. "One or two good saplings here," said Mr. Reynolds. (A "sapling" is an unproved dog up to eighteen months old.) "Do you see how the brindle breaks wide and bumps the other dogs getting away from the rail? If he persists in those habits, he races in trap Five or Six so as not to interfere with them. The rest get the luck of the trap draw. Some folk favour a Six dog, although he has longest to run round the track. Take the black there. He's a railer. Happy in the One trap. Breaks well and has the shortest distance."

Mr. Reynolds, who has won four Greyhound Derbys—£1,500 for the owner and a gold cup for the trainer—took me around his part of the kennels. There are about 200 dogs in all at Wembley, and he had charge of some fifty. They nosed gently up to us, eyes limpid and free of guile, victims and gods at the same time. Many were muzzled. "All these dogs have owners," said Reynolds; "they pay 28s. a week to the stadium for board and training, and receive a pound for each race they enter, and prize money if they win. Of course the owners stand to win more on the open sweepstakes, where dogs from all licensed stadiums compete. Come and look at the kitchens." He took me into a spotless room filled with bowls and containers. "Frig. over there for the meat. Condemned, of course, but damned good. Today is Tuesday, they've had their week-end of racing, so we give them tripe or fish with bread. Tripe's a speciality. Other days they get one pound and a half of minced meat with sopped bread or meat soup with pearl barley. Plenty of garlic, vitamin tablets and yeast."

We left the kitchen and strolled back to the dogs. "There's a lovely dog for you," he said, pointing at a large black dog, lying beside a luxuriously relaxed bitch. *Ballyllanigan Tanist*. Won the last Derby. At stud now. The bitch's sire was *Easter Madness*. Should get something worth while." "Why do the dogs wear muzzles?" I asked. "Self-abuse. They get keyed up. They live for racing, you see. On their racing day, they have a four o'clock bowl of soup, and some of them nearly go mad with excitement. Have to take them up to the traps and give them a bit of a wallop; then bring them back, and they think there's no race. Funny thing, you know, but it's the sheer running which gets them. Only some of them are really interested in the hare. They start out as puppies running about in the country, chasing 'em, but when it comes to the track, they key themselves to the sound of the electric mechanism. Anything else you'd like to know? For instance, exercise? They have a four miles daily trot and a walk-out. Then every year they get two months' holiday by the sea. In Lincolnshire. Just playing about, and no routine. Plenty of fat. When they come back, we have to work on them, because the Club rules state their weight must never differ two pounds either way."

We went to have a drink. On the way, I gathered more information. There are two races per week per track. These races are graded; that is, the racing manager selects dogs to make a genuinely competitive run for the punter's money. These graded dogs race only over distances they are known to be good for—anything from 400 yds. to 1,000 yds. "Thanks for all this information," I said. "Oh, I like talking dogs," he said with a sigh. "As long as its only dogs without any funny business." We entered the pub. "You see, you could call me a marked man in a manner of speaking. There goes Reynolds the trainer, they say, he knows the whole shooting match. Got packets of money. Buy him a drink or slip him a fiver and he'll tell you the winner in the fourth. Well, yes, I give the odd tip in a friendly way. When it doesn't come off, they say I'm bluffing. You see, people simply won't realise that dogs aren't machines, they're unpredictable animals. They baffle *me*. Then the owners yap at the trainers if their dog doesn't win, and the stewards haul us up on the mat on the slightest excuse. And so they should, of course. There *can* be funny business, until a bloke's found out. A crooked trainer, for instance, can run one or two of his dogs on a "flapping" track and make a pile. When he's found out, he's expelled."

He finished his drink, smiled: "Funny thing is I don't really like this dog-racing lark. The smell of money in it is a bit too crude. The people at the tracks begin to look like pound notes. I'm a coursing man, myself. I slipped for the Waterloo Cup." I looked at him. He certainly carried the fresh-air with him . . .

At Aldridges in Hamilton Street, greyhounds are sold. It is a bit of greyhound London, as you can find bird-fancier's London, or stamp collector's London: greyhounds prancing along the street, and a shop piled up with racing gear. Equipped with stud cards, owners and breeders scan the dogs, which are placed on stands, still as statues, with bitterly self-conscious eyes and drooping tails. Most owners dislike conversation with strangers; but there was one exception. "Average value? Fifty to a hundred pounds, ranging to three hundred. In exceptional cases you get into the thousands. For breeders the desirable thing is to find a bitch who throws winners. The bitch herself may be no better than average—in fact some owners don't run bitches for the track, because they lose six months of the year from being in season—but there is something in her which produces classic dogs."

Odd information; and another oddity is that a super-dog called *Mutton Cutlet* was responsible for the best strain in modern racing greyhounds.

ANTHONY CARSON

Enemy Country

BOOTLAND has no precise location in geography, but it is known to most observers of the English social scene. Just as proud imperialists look with joy on the red portions of the globe, so could a "Class Map" of Britain pick out Bootland. It would be marked, I think, by some chastely sober colour to match the schemes of interior decoration of its residents—a neutral wash of some pastel shade. Bootland, in short, is that section of the "better-class residential suburbs" (to quote estate agents' muted lyricisms) where dwell the middle ranges of the bourgeoisie; it takes its name from its mental boundaries, which are those of Boots' Lending Library. Miss Daphne du Maurier is the household god, although occasionally there are daring expeditions to the dizzy uplands of culture, hand-in-hand with Mr. Charles Morgan. The *Daily Mail* is read furtively; the *Telegraph*, like bowler and rolled umbrella, is worn with conscious pride.

The recreations of the inhabitants are stereotyped and predictable. The younger men, most of whom are "in business" and served quite honourably in the War without having the faintest idea what it was all about, tend to indulge in Rugger; Soccer, of course, is not socially presentable. Perhaps the greatest attraction of this game is the Good Fellowship—the rousing songs and the (not very witty) bawdy stories in the bar afterwards. For of course one does not tell a smutty story to one's womenfolk, as they are (naturally) "nice girls" from one's own social class. True, most of the young men have possibly had an amorous adventure or two in the past; but, ambivalent in all things, they have a dual standard of sexual morality. There are "women" for one's peccadilloes and "girls" whom one marries. And woe betide a wife who, when a "girl," sets foot across the boundary in a misguided search for emancipation.

The wives themselves can be seen at their group activities in Tea Shoppes dedicated to the brewing of bad coffee. Often quite pretty in a vacuous way, frequently as smart as paint, they prattle amiably about children and the domestic difficulties of rationing. Wistfully they look back to the halcyon days before the war when, according to "Mummy," life was spacious and rich. Sometimes—but only after several years of training—an especially dutiful or unusually intelligent wife is allowed to echo the more pompous and tendencious of her husband's platitudes, which he himself has probably plucked, full-grown and half-baked, from a Tory newspaper. Occasionally, too, "opinions" are culled at the golf club, where of late years selected women have been encouraged. Thus it would not be true to say that the female section of Bootland is kept in a *physical* harem—they are now encouraged to take mild exercise—but as far as affairs of the mind are concerned the women of Bootland have advanced not one step from the late-Victorian ghetto of our grandfathers.

There runs through Bootland a thin vein of hypocrisy which colours the outlook and opinions of its inhabitants. The prosperous merchants and manufacturers and their scions are not above a crafty trick or two during the week. Such tricks are euphemised by the description "smart business," instead of the correct title of "smart practice," and are explained away by the pious injunction that there is no sentiment in business. This, of course, does not prevent the older members of the community from tripping to church on Sundays—before the afternoon eighteen holes—and giving thanks to God for the manifold blessings (mainly material) which they enjoy. The elder ladies in particular, especially in the country, are apt to devote what time they can spare from bridge and gossip to the church and "the dear vicar." Naturally they choose the socially acceptable Church of England, which provides the maximum social cachet with the minimum demands on heart, mind or conscience. These ladies recall the people in Pilgrim's Progress who liked "God in His silver shoes."

The Ladies Bountiful are a little concerned at the present state of social affairs in the country. The "working classes" no longer seem to be as grateful (or as subservient) as they used to be, and there are even vague rumours trickling through from the masculine front that "those dreadful trade unions" are causing trouble by their demands for "rights." By now, of course, the dreadful shock of the 1945 general election has subsided. For a time Bootland imagined that the sun would never shine again, and that night would cease to follow day in orderly succession; for it was quite obvious that a fundamental Law of Nature had been upset. The right people were destined to rule for ever—in quite a benevolent way, of course. Whatever crumbs were left over from the rich man's table should be distributed absolutely fairly and democratically. Now here was a cataclysm beside which the reverses of the war faded into insignificance; the right people were out and the wrong, the impossible, people were in. And so for six long weary years Bootland endured the tortures of the Socialist Hell.

True, there were compensations; although prices were very high and taxation "crippling," profits in a period of controlled inflation were also higher than ever before. Also Bootland's dual system of morality came in very handy here. Many a husband found it easy and profitable to syphon a little of his expense account in the direction of his private pocket or his wife's purse; it wasn't *really* wrong (unless you were caught); it wasn't *really* breaking the law; and in any case there were too many damned laws; these Socialists were stifling freedom. Thus any fugitive feminine misgivings were set at rest, and soon, by Bootland's familiar system of one law for us and one for the rest, this niddling became rationalised into a patriotic, True Blue blow for "Free Private Enterprise."

For Bootland, of course, is True Blue in the political sense. It holds some of the safest Conservative seats in the country; and 1945 gave Bootland a political shot-in-the-arm. After that, all of Bootland put its shoulder to the wheel. Especially were the young people active. Branches of the Young Conservatives sprang up like bindweed. Never before had the adolescents of Bootland (and adolescence is a state of mind which persists long after puberty in these areas) been given so glorious an opportunity for indulging their unique capacity for middle-aged sententiousness. Young Conservative Teas, Tennis Parties and Whist Drives flourished everywhere, with a leavening of debates and meetings to assuage the fanatics—and Central Office. It was quickly discovered that dashing about in vivid sports cars delivering leaflets was good fun, and that it was not really necessary to *read* these leaflets. Best fun of all, of course, was at election times when, in between some genuine hard work, heckling parties were organised to harry the opposition. Bootland's traditional ambivalence was brought into play once again. Certainly the Young Conservatives believed in freedom and free speech—hadn't Mr. Churchill practically invented them? But surely they were under no obligation to treat the socially obnoxious enemy as one would a gentleman?

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Bootland's existence goes far to explain why this country is only nominally and mechanically democratic. It is certainly the main reason why people from genuinely egalitarian countries refute our claim to be progressive. By all the laws of biology it should have died years ago, for an organism which is perpetually turned in upon itself should wither and die. Somehow, by feeding upon its internal juices, Bootland has discovered the secret of self-perpetuation and self-renewal. Perhaps it has managed to discover and tap that node of envy and greed which is within each one of us. Much more than "capitalism," Bootland is Socialism's enemy; for its god is snobbery, and what Socialists want to achieve must ultimately be effected in the mind.

W. J. DUERDEN

The Arts and Entertainment

GRAHAM SUTHERLAND

THE catalogue of Graham Sutherland's exhibition at the Tate has a preface by Mr. Philip James and introductions by Sir Kenneth Clark and Sir Herbert Read. All are concerned with the idea that he is an *English* artist—as if "English" painting was a substitute for good painting; as if, at the back of his mind, each writer knew only too well that *English* in conjunction with *painting* all but implies a contradiction in terms. On surer ground critics forget the English nationality of an artist. Who reiterates Moore's or Britten's Englishness? If the permeation of his art by literary (surrealist-romantic) values rather than by plastic ones is a mark of his Englishness, then Sutherland is English. Certainly he is the most literary painter of distinction on the contemporary scene in this country. Without doubt he has little ability for controlling strong colour and even less for creating pictorial space. His forms are sculptural: they stand essentially in isolation, one from the next; he does not, and never has, understood *pictorial* form, that quality of plastic weight which unites the forms in a picture, instead of separating them. There is no indication of that interplay between one form and the next which is the hallmark of good painting. Sutherland is conscious, first and foremost, not of a compositional pictorial unity, but of a number of roots, isolated, sculptural forms—whether of roots, or palm spikes, or "thorn heads," or "standing forms"—and these he shuffles together, rather self-consciously, into an arrangement on the canvas. Strictly speaking, any form in a painting of his is firstly, a poetic symbol; secondly, a rather flimsy sculptural object, whose three-dimensional reality is only partially realised; and lastly, an image in paint.

For the true painter this order would be reversed. He would be conscious, first of all, of the image *in and as* paint; conscious secondly of that paint-image's three-dimensional implications; and only lastly conscious, if at all, of the poetic symbolism or associations of his work. The true painter lives in his painted surfaces: he leaves the literary art-critics and the poets with an interest in painting to discover and proclaim the "poetry" latent in his works. The glory of the pictorial art lies not in any poetry which it may or may not transmit: but rather in the final and absolute experience of formal grandeur, of that contrapuntal play of form upon form, colour upon colour, flatness upon flatness, depth of space upon depth of space. These are the physical realities of painting. They are abstract—present *beneath* a representational façade, or surface, in all the great masters of the past. And they act directly upon our *bodies*, and not upon that part of our intellect which interests itself in the symbolism of a thorn. Given these realities, thorn-symbolism may be added. But it cannot precede them.

This retrospective exhibition begins with an early etching (according to a catalogue note, he made his "first attempts at painting" when he was twenty-seven), and goes on to include a number of the Pembroke watercolours, such as the excellent *Sun Setting Between Hills*, 1938. These tiny Celtic landscapes in watercolour are, in my view, Sutherland's most interesting achievement. That was his true scale—6 inches by 12 inches might be their average size—in terms of which he composed most naturally. And here, too, he struck his most distinctive, most personal and inventive note. Here colour was at least resonant; though it was still inoperative as the agent of space. There was, even in these charming and, indeed, memorable early watercolours gouaches and even oils (*Small Boulder*, 1940, is another beautiful little picture) an unresolved confusion between an extremely original surface organisation and the forms in depth of hills, hedges and boulders. One always used to give Sutherland the benefit of the doubt about this. Perhaps he was really on the verge of a fascinating new formal vocabulary, in which the relation of surface image (what is actually painted on the canvas) to space and form in depth (in an imagined space behind the convas) would be a revolutionary one, not at first easy to read.

But it has turned out otherwise. Indeed, Sutherland ceased to attempt to formulate this new vocabulary when he went, soon after the war, to the South of France. Instead of working away at the problem of ridding his extremely original configurations (flat segments of colour in the forms of sickle, lop-sided disc, crescent, clover-like leaf form, sword or flame form—and a lot of other intriguing shapes—all were typical of his invention until the war) of their disconcerting, because unintentional, spatial ambiguities, Sutherland tackled a new world of subject-matter. This new world—cacti, vine pergolas, palms, gourds—he increasingly depicted in terms of a stilted realism which had not the tension or actuality of real realism (pure observation) on the one hand; or the formal strength and veracity of the formally re-created on the other. From this period on he has become increasingly confused, it seems to me, and very eclectic.

From Picasso he gathered that colour may be bright. But bright colour must be scientifically manipulated if luminosity is to be gained. And Picasso's luminosity is based on his science of pictorial space. (I hate returning *ad nauseam* to this spatial mania of mine: but in fact painting, being an art of illusion—forms not *on*, as I say, behind, or in front of, the canvas—is basically concerned with the evocation of space. Space is the very medium of its being.) Sutherland's canvases from 1945 until 1950 were immensely bright without being luminous or spatial. Nor has this essential quality been gained in the last three years, under the influence, to no small extent, of Francis Bacon. In his most recent canvases at the Tate, very subdued in colour, like Bacon, the much thicker paint, the silvery greys and dead olives still do not vibrate—as Mr. Bacon's vibrate—with the resonance, depth and harmony of good colour. What they do contain, however, are imagined, sculpturesque forms of poetic horror and surrealist phantasy. Graham Sutherland is unquestionably a man of extraordinary imagination. But the question is: what kind of imagination is this? I believe Sutherland's phantasy is essentially illustrational, poetic, non-plastic. I cannot agree with Sir Kenneth Clark's judgment, that Sutherland is the "outstanding English painter of his generation," nor with his belief that "in the last twelve years he has had a dominant influence on younger artists." There was a case for saying this in 1945, but not today. Nor do I feel Sir Kenneth is correct in saying that "no other English painter since Constable has been received with so much respect in the critical atmosphere of Paris." My experience is that Ben Nicholson is the only English painter with a reputation there—and no one can accuse me of being a disciple of Nicholson's.

PATRICK HERON

THE MOVIES

"Genevieve," at the Leicester Square

"Young and Innocent," at the National Film Theatre

There was a rare rustle of enthusiasm before even *Genevieve* came along. What, an English film towards which we shouldn't have to be well-disposed, which, without hedging, we could enjoy and enthuse about? It seemed too good to be true. English films are both the lure and the embarrassment of English critics: how we hope, how we crash, how—once in a blue moon—the long chance comes off! Hence a *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, a *Queen of Spades*—flashes never, it seems, to be repeated. The columns of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION have been testifying to an old rankle: to the defence rush an English producer, whose latest product is hardly the best advertisement, and a warm-hearted French critic who is shocked to find his favourite romanticism questioned. There's nothing much wrong with M. Queval's defensive list, except that it's spread over ten years and could be more than matched by France in two or America in four. However, here's *Genevieve*.

Don't let's make too much of it; for the impulse is, as soon as anything tolerably English comes along, to shout it to heaven. But even humming it, I'd say *Genevieve* is good. It comes easy; something one hasn't been able to say about any English film for I don't know how long. It chooses an English hobby. Two films recently have done that. There was the railway stuff of *The Titfield Thunderbolt*, and the cricket stuff of *The Final Test*. The first exhausted its joke and us, the second rather stagily pleased: its fancies tickled and its creakings coincided at least with creakings in the audience. *Genevieve* strikes fresh. Its topic—the Brighton old crocks' race—allies it with all the other self-indulgent comedies, but it holds to a life-line of character, of satire, of fun and charm. If everything worked in with oddity—a sentimental plot, ostentatious funniness, and compliant wives—we should quickly tire of it. But the women don't comply: they think it just mad. One of them would probably go on adoring her husband even if he collected stamps, and the other barges in as a light of love with sexual languors and a St. Bernard of unmitigated dignity.

So there the women sit, or bump or stand up and swear, beside their insatiable men-folk on the famous run. The run isn't everything: there's Brighton and bed at the end of it. There's jealousy and a fine start and spots of bother and spots of rain and pure joy and rage and such varying tensions as fifty-year-old motor cars chugging along the London-Brighton road may induce in those loving or about to love one another. The rival pairs make an engaging quartet (or quintet, if we count the St. Bernard). These people—real people—are most likeably played by John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kenneth More, and Kay Kendall. A binge, a real blow-up, a wager for the journey back keep the flame and the game going. One couldn't do without the other. *Genevieve* achieves that rarest of qualities in an English film—spontaneity. One's thanks must go chiefly for the skill of its writer, William Rose, and its director, Henry Cornelius, who has matured considerably since the days of *Passport to Pimlico*. But, having hit the target once, will they be able to touch it again? I wish I had more confidence in the momentum of native talents; but so often it seems that one good film will clog instead of opening the way to further achievement.

Young and Innocent continues the Hitchcock season, but is a routine point-to-point thriller, with only half the zest of *The 39 Steps* and *Murder*, extracts from which are given in the same programme.

By the way, with thoughts going back to *Genevieve*, I remember yet another delight: the gay score, composed and performed by Larry Adler.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

WATCH AND LISTEN

C MINUS 2 Day, as I write, and the end of a week dominated by the Coronation. Sometimes the B.B.C. has approached it on tip-toe, at others with an alert enjoyment of the quirks of the British people. There has been something for everybody. Seen through the eyes of the Dean of St. Paul's, the Coronation is an act of dedication that has a universal significance. In the company of Mr. Lawrence Tanner it has been like going round a museum opened for the first time for many years and needing a vigorous dusting. Are you bothered by the place of the Colobium Sindonis in the ceremony? "After the Queen has been anointed and invested with the white robe of purity (The Colobium Sindonis) and the golden Supertunica, the emblems of knighthood are handed to her. . . ." This was a difficult talk to follow, mainly because Mr. Tanner would talk of Urmills (Armills) and referred to a gentleman by the name of Gerd whom I supposed, in my stupidity, was yet another of those obscure Kings whose acquaintance we have been making during the last few days.

Mr. C. H. Williams, on the other hand, was interested in the legends of the holy oil and the political uses it was put to in the Middle Ages. Canon Charles Smyth covered much the same ground, though with a mind divided between history and religion. In these talks the Dean and Mr. Williams were easy winners. The Dean despite the handicap of one of those booming Anglican voices that hurt and buffet, is a man with a precise and uncompromising mind: he did not, as so many speakers do in "Lift Up Your Hearts," treat us as if we were all boy scouts together. As for Mr. Williams, he not only has the gift of making an unfamiliar subject fascinating but can suddenly light it up with the perfect quotation. This was a very good talk indeed.

And the rest? One retains stray impressions of the Commonwealth visitors on television—the plump Chief, who could hardly wait to get at the cameras; the wordless native as noble and full of puzzled menace as a leopard at a zoo; the black dancers who seemed about to spring through the screen in their enthusiasm—creatures who looked all the more alive when seen in the company of the genteel Miss Joan Gilbert. But the best thing of the week was a programme, drearily called *A London Journey*, which showed what can be done with a feature when it is the hands of a sharp-eyed producer. Despite occasional crudities, this was the real London, not an ersatz city with stage comics, only funny to those who know the poor through their charwomen. "Ave yer passports ready for West Ampstead," sings out the bus conductor, and there was a wonderful scene between two girls washing each other's hair, the inanities muffled by the splashing or made inaudible when the words bubbled up through the water. "Give iter good rub, Luce, I aven't washed it fera fortnight. . . ."

At the other end of the scale was *Ourselves and the Sea*, one of those insipid pieces of patriotism that have not even the courage to boast. "Listen," says the Commander of the doomed ship. "The submarine is in a bad way. . . . Frankly, we haven't got a periscope. . . . After the bosun has issued a tot, we're going to surface and fight it out." How many times have we been in that exact situation when we were children, and stood, just like the B.B.C., grim-faced and peering into the periscope—when there was a periscope, of course. Sometimes—do you remember?—we were just ordinary seamen and begged, just as on Friday night, "O, Skipper, you've got to let me man that gun." Afterwards they said about us, "He was only eighteen. He went down, poor little devil, when his landing craft capsized in a storm." Yes, it all comes back—the night we sank the German fleet single-handed, that supreme moment when we died for our mates—God bless them. A nice touch was some of the music ("A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square") and the commentary—"So He bringeth them unto their desired haven. . . ." Listening to this sort of thing makes one wonder why the B.B.C. thinks it necessary to have a children's hour.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

GUYS AND DOLLS

OVER American musicals a fixed repetitive pattern is forming. First, across the Atlantic, come the rumours, and they are soon followed by the records. And the records seem to confirm the rumours. This one—whichever it is—really is an absolute winner, the best yet. Expectancy mounts; friends who have seen it over there add their testimony. Perhaps *Kiss Me Kate* was disappointing; *South Pacific*, agreed, did not export well. But *Guys and Dolls*! Ah, *Guys and Dolls*, just wait till that comes. Well, we've waited, we've listened to "Take Back Your Mink To From Whence It Came," and our appetite has been whetted, and at last we take our seats all ready to be entranced. And, oh dear, once again, the same bumps of a shaky landing. The tunes, when they come, are as good as we expected, the lyrics are just as witty. But, goodness, the boredom in between, the painfully slow story, the jokes that don't, and almost equally unbearable too many of the few that do.

What is it that happens between there and here? Is it only that the records have skimmed the cream? Or is it the size of our Coliseums and Drury Lanes? Or is the difference so intense between the climates? Or don't we understand that extraordinary people? For how could anyone think *Guys and Dolls* more than passable, with that slow, slow line, and those indifferent jokes? Half the trouble comes, let us suggest, from the American musical taking itself too seriously. It is now the dominant form in the American theatre, for obvious economic reasons. But ever since the Theatre Guild sponsored *Oklahoma!*, the musical has been claimed as art, folk art, of course. *Oklahoma!* set off the musical on a new path by "integrating," as the claimants put it, all the elements, the chorus, the decor, the dancing with a proper story. And, ever since, the story in a musical has been thought to matter, thus ruining musical after musical. For the old musical comedy a conventional plot, lightly sketched in, was thought sufficient and worked reasonably well. If the story was silly, one didn't have to bother with it, provided it was silly in the right way. Now the stories are no less silly, but how we are made to notice them! For the new musical takes its story seriously, and slowly and portentously acts it out between the songs and dances. The contrast is glaring—dashes of wit, speed and verve, separated by acons of uncombusted dialogue.

In the first and longer part of *Guys and Dolls* a trivial story prolongs itself interminably. I've hardly known anything in the theatre so wearisome as the dragged-out sequence of scenes which are required for the handsome gambler to get the pretty mission-lass tight, on a doctored milk shake, nor anything so unrewarding. One reaches the interval, up to which this leads, bludgeoned with boredom. The second part is altogether more entertaining. What we had been expecting at last begins to arrive—the recreation of Damon Runyon's fabulous world peopled by prodigous characters who call themselves Harry the Horse, Rusty Charlie, Angie the Ox, Liverlips Louie or Nicely-Nicely Johnson. The magic touch of looney fantasy at last takes hold and finds its echo in the songs and dances, the Crap Game Ballet, Luck be a Lady, Sue me, Sit Down You're Rocking the Boat. So it turned out not to be—as it looked like being in the first ninety minutes—a total loss. But it comes all too near, and what remains difficult to understand is the wild enthusiasm not only of Broadway, and of even its soberer critics, but of solid Englishmen who have seen it there, too.

These judgments are naturally comparative. Place *Guys and Dolls* side by side with the latest English musical (*Happy as a King* at the Princes) and the American piece will seem a wonder of wit and pace and originality. Yet even here the com-

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parison is not all in its favour. In *Guys and Dolls* there are some pleasant performances and one beauty in a minor role (from Mr. Stubby Kaye as Nicely-Nicely), but just fancy any one of them having to carry a show as Mr. Fred Emney has to carry his, and coming, as he does, within measurable distance of carrying the impossible off.

At the St. James's Miss Mary Hayley Bell tells a thoroughly old-fashioned magazine story in a thoroughly old-fashioned way. On its own level it works effectively enough. True, it takes some effrontery to pass off on us as new the oldest plot in the business—the one about the aristocratic mother who "puts away" her eldest son in an asylum because he is really her bastard by the bailiff. That, literally, is the story of *The Uninvited Guest*, and it is some tribute to the authoress that we can't quite believe it till half-way through. Type-casting, as is proper for melodrama, is the order of the day: so Mr. John Mills is familiarly tense as the supposed son: Miss Cathleen Nesbitt makes a Lady Lannion first stately, then hagridden: Mr. Clive Morton, since he is not a solicitor, makes do with a no-nonsense country doctor: and Mr. Lyndon Brook is quite equal to a best school young man. Miss Joan Greenwood—but no, with Miss Joan Greenwood as an understanding secretary, this classification quite breaks down.

T. C. WORSLEY

Correspondence

MARXISM REVISITED

SIR,—At the end of his third article, Strachey, having come to the conclusion that methods were now known for maintaining economic stability under capitalism, asked whether the ruling classes in America would, however, bring themselves to use such methods. That was the sixty-four dollar question. Strachey's fourth and final article does not answer it. Perhaps that is understandable since, once one gets into actual prediction of historical developments, one comes up against a whole range of factors, many of which cannot be quantified or fitted into a schematic structure. One of the difficulties of predictions is that society is operated by people, and people are not always reasonable.

A myth which dominates American thought, and thus makes firm predictions elusive, concerns the basic and fundamental virtue of a whole constellation of concepts expressed in such terms as "free enterprise" and "the normal operation of the market." Whether objectively a state of affairs consistent with such concepts has ever existed is beside the point. Whether or not the very proponents of such concepts are prepared to abandon such concepts *temporarily* in the face of crisis is also irrelevant. The fact is that these concepts are widely accepted as both having abiding moral and functional values in themselves and also as being mechanically the way things *ought* to be if only "other things were equal." The result is that potential economic disequilibrium provokes here one of two reactions—the "neanderthal" or the "egghead."

The neanderthal is so fascinated by the myth of the self-equilibrating properties of capitalism that he simply cannot conceive of doing anything, even in the face of a mounting threat to the values he holds dear. In fact, he usually refuses to admit that a crisis is on hand. He never learns from history because he re-writes history to fit in with the myth. This was exactly what was done to the Roosevelt story. Not only did the business classes hate Roosevelt when he was alive, despite the fact that he saved American capitalism for them, but, since his death, they have gone to great lengths to prove too mutually exclusive theses—either that the 1929 slump worked itself out before Roosevelt came to power in 1933 or, alternatively, that the slump continued throughout the Thirties and the New Deal was incapable of coping with it. The neanderthal also refuses to acquaint himself with the last fifty years of developments in economic analysis, of no matter what complexion. As a result, the neanderthal has no eye for the various tell-tale storm signals when they appear on the economic horizon. He only has a passion for "removing controls" and "reducing taxes." He just has no place in his life for the sort of things necessary to defend even his own interests.

The egghead's approach here is slightly different. He knows all the latest economic theories and he knows the system is inherently unstable and that from time to time something has to be done about it. And, of course, he knows what to do. But he has also been seriously affected by the myth. As a result, he has a distaste for using the necessary methods and only wants to use them in a disaster situation. He spurns a policy which might actually avoid that disaster, because he holds dear to the myth. Paradoxically, the fact that the myth does not always work out does not alienate him from it. It's the way things really *ought* to be! Unfortunately, on occasion things go wrong, the egghead says. Then, and only then, must the tools he has discovered be used.

This attitude was clearly expressed in an editorial earlier this month in the *New York Journal of Commerce*, a highly reputable business newspaper here:

> "It would not serve the cause of the free-enterprise system if the Administration were to allow any decline to get out of hand, although this would be the shortest route to accomplish necessary adjustments. . . .
>
> ". . . the Administration cannot wait too long when a decline in business activity develops.
>
> "There is no scientific trigger-point at which the Administration should act to cushion a decline. It will have to be determined arbitrarily, perhaps at an unemployment level of five millions. That sounds high, but is moderate if compared with the total size of the labour force."

Considering, then, the egghead approach and the impact of the neanderthal approach on it, it would seem to be a safe prediction that little will be done in America before the process of decline has actually started. It is anybody's guess how rapidly and effectively the appropriate measures will be applied after that, and whether, in the long run, they will be able once more to save the system.

The weakness of the capitalist system is, not that objectively it cannot be made to work smoothly, but that the system develops attitudes in those operating it which tend to delay the necessary action being taken.

Certainly, I would agree with Strachey that there is nothing inherent within the capitalist system which makes it intractable to an admixture of planning that could maintain stability all along. But it would seem, in America at least, that a cyclical jolt is necessary every now and again to set up the right mental climate in which the individuals operating the system can liberate themselves from the myth which the very system itself has installed in them. Of course, the capitalist countries in Europe are functioning too close to the margin to be able to survive such a jolt. It is perhaps still possible in America. How long that will continue to be so, or whether the lesson will be finally learned before it is too late, is again anybody's guess.

New York City. H. DAVID DAVIS

SIR,—The letter (23rd May) by Cyril Smith has been attributed to me in certain quarters. This is partly understandable as I have lectured on "Marxism" and the lectures have been advertised in your columns. As I do not share the views of your correspondent, would you kindly correct the misunderstanding which has arisen? CYRIL SMITH

23 Woodham, Egham, Surrey.

SIR,—Mr. Strachey's presentation of the notion of increasing misery as a gravitational trend, his diagram so to speak, seemed to me to be tightly argued. It could be followed without one having to jump across the gaps. But not so the final article when he deals with the political conditions effecting that trend. One agrees that there are "countervailing forces," but one is not at all sure what they are. One agrees that there is an enormous difference between the operations of monopoly capitalism in "its essentially German, anti-democratic, and finally Fascist, form" and in a "democratic political setting." But what are those differences in terms of production-relations, class structure, and the State? The orthodox will say there is at root no lasting difference; that democracy in capitalism is a monstrosity that can live but a few sunny days, for at the first crisis, the State can only become the special repressive instrument of the dominant class. Yet it is upon this differentiation that the gravitational trend argument hinges. More than that, upon it hinges the whole theoretical divergence between democratic and revolutionary Socialism. This is too big a gap to jump across. Mr. Strachey should have written us eight articles. I hope, Sir, you will press him for the other four.

And who better? Is it not just that he who breeches the infant should provide new pants for boarding school? Some of us still cannot sit in comfort! NICHOLAS MALLESON

44 Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8.

THE CORONATION

SIR,—In some quarters the question of the high cost of the Coronation is being raised.

I write as a republican-Socialist-pacifist who bases these views on Christian principles as I understand them. But it is the question of monarchy generally which might well be discussed; there is surely no reason why it should be regarded as sacrosanct. In writing this I am venting an opinion held by a number of British citizens as well as myself.

It is obvious that a number of people, for example the Tory and capitalist press, big business and privilege seekers generally, stand to gain by propagandising the idea of monarchy in general and the Coronation in particular. If the masses can be persuaded into believing that monarchy is desirable then it will bolster up the selfish claims of these people to have also a privileged economic and social position over their fellow human beings. The only hope for social justice, with real internal peace, lies in Socialist republicanism based on Christian principles.

This is no criticism of our own royal family, for whom I have a personal liking; and further to that, should any body of people really have the right to compel, by custom and tradition, a whole family to live the unnatural kind of life a royal family must lead? ARTHUR J. BRYANT

20 Shalimar Gardens, Acton, W.3.

FARM EFFICIENCY

SIR,—In stressing the need for further research into Time and Motion study, your correspondent, Mr. Brian Branston, draws attention to a highly effective method of improving agricultural efficiency. But in presenting the case for the application of such study I fear he has under-emphasised some of the inherent difficulties besetting the British farmer, and hindering increased production per man; accordingly some of his comparisons between British and American conditions are not permissible.

In the United States the availability and cost of labour, and not the availability of land, is the limiting

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factor of production; consequently the American farmer has emphasised the need for high production per man rather than high output per acre. To further this, a layout of regular shaped fields has been evolved; the cropping of awkward fields and headlands, or poor land, that is difficult to cultivate, is strongly discouraged; the cultivations practised are fewer, and the average standard of crop husbandry is lower, than in this country. American agriculture, especially in the mid-West and the Prairies, is a much younger industry than our own, and it has been possible to take advantage of the increased "know-how" in the layout of farms and buildings. In most districts the Americans have been able to superimpose the pattern of agriculture upon the national topography.

In Great Britain the situation is vastly different: towns, industries, railroads and highways have had to be welded into an already existing agricultural pattern that has its roots in a pre-Norman era. The fields of today are those of the eighteenth-century enclosures; the buildings are those of the golden age of a century ago. Accordingly the British countryside today still presents a patchwork appearance that is nectar to the sentimental, but anathema to the economist. In Britain it is land, not labour, that limits production, and attention must primarily be directed to increasing the output per acre.

Against this background it is evident that the widespread application of Time and Motion study will be exceedingly difficult without considerable expenditure of capital in replanning and building farms and the layout and structures of farm buildings. At present the majority of existing fields and buildings are quite unsuited to effective application of the study, as it might be applied in a modern milking parlour or pig house; and a *status quo* will inevitably soon be reached unless capital is forthcoming to remould the whole pattern of agriculture, a step both unpalatable and undesirable, but one that would lead to widespread increases in production. Any steps taken in this direction must come from landlords rather than directly from the State, should the principle be proved economically sound.

The application of Time and Motion study should lead to a decrease in labour requirements, since fewer men will suffice to carry out the daily, monthly and yearly tasks on the farm; and here, as a soft aside, one might speculate on the reaction of the National Union of Agricultural Workers, at present bemoaning the drift from the land, to the introduction of methods that can only heighten that drift, especially as very few good farmers today complain of labour shortages. It is essential to realise that the application of Time and Motion study is complementary to that of machinery, and that its application cannot lead directly to increased production per acre, but only to the efficiency of that production. Surely the case for Time and Motion study is that it will supply the farmer with increased profit, and the nation with cheaper food, but not that it will provide more of that food?

Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge. J. P. OAKLEY

NOXIOUS WEED

SIR,—Mr. Ritchie Calder and Dr. Horace Joules would have us infer that tobacco smoking causes cancer. This would be a false inference.

There is very high statistical correlation between cancer mortality and relative atmospheric humidity. Who, on that score, would be rash enough to conclude that humidity causes cancer? When the lung cancer statistics are seen in perspective with cancer statistics for all sites, a quite different inference emerges.

To begin with, lung cancer deaths among men in England and Wales are less than 25 per cent. of the total. Dr. Joules states that 80 per cent. of these (less than 20 per cent. of the total) can be related to *heavy* smoking. This is enough to throw doubt on smoking as causative. But there is a much more striking corrective to such conclusion-jumping.

Statistics on all forms of cancer from 1901 onwards show alarming increase with just one single, very remarkable exception, namely, cancer of the mouth and throat. Holding closely to a constant of almost 14 per cent. of total until 1920, thenceforward they progressively declined to 4 per cent. by 1949. The same year, 1920, after holding closely to a constant 4 per cent., the rate for cancer of the respiratory system (lungs to the layman) began a progressive climb to 25 per cent. of total by 1949. The correlation of the percentages of these two sites—"Mouth and Throat" and "Lungs"—is so phenomenally high, and inverse (−.985) that the statistician would say that the data of the one may be used as an inverse estimate of the other.

This pattern of cancer statistics in England and Wales is approximately true for most of the twenty-two countries reported on last year by the W.H.O.

The most that can be inferred from the full facts, therefore, is that heavy smoking appears to have been influential in bringing about a shift of locus from the mouth and throat to the lungs. Nevertheless, lung cancer can and does occur without the provocation of smoking. Cancer genesis is a different matter.

HARRY HOWELL

CO-OPERATIVE POLICY

SIR,—From your reference to the recent Co-operative Congress you seem to accept the point of view that, because the Co-operative movement cannot expand its own sector of business, it does not have the right to expect the Labour Party to use co-operative methods in future socialisation. On the same grounds one could say that the Labour Party should not expand social ownership because it has not proved that it can profitably compete with private enterprise. Goodness knows what would happen if the present nationalised industries had competition!

Since when have Socialists considered efficiency alone as a criterion of economic well-being? The lesson to be learned is that the Co-operative Movement has been able to compete with private enterprise, hold its own, *and still retain its democratic character*. Without financial incentives and university experience, with democratic control and grave responsibility for the people's savings, the "amateur" Co-operative Movement has been, to quote a well-known advertisement, "a boon and a blessing."

Also, you seem to believe that the central leadership rejected the Co-operative Party's valuable policy statement *The People's Industry*, said by Professor Cole in your journal to be "... a constructive programme." May I correct you? The Central Executive recently published its policy statement *Social Ownership*. This new document replaced the Party's statement, but contained all its main proposals. Indeed, *Social Ownership* goes further, and makes proposals for certain parts of the distributive trade—a part of our economy the Labour Party, to its shame, has been afraid, or unable, to touch.

The Co-operative Movement has the right as a section of the Labour Movement to make its contribution to Socialist policy, irrespective of its own internal problems. This it has been doing for the past few years, particularly through its political wing.

ROBERT MILLAR

B.B.C. ECONOMIES

SIR,—With the imminent approach of commercial television, let us face up to the fact that the B.B.C. has become much too large and unwieldy. Of its 10,000 staff, only about one-fifth are actively concerned with the production of programmes. And even they are under-employed. There have been many cases of B.B.C. producers resigning from the sheer boredom of sitting in their offices and waiting for a programme to be allotted to them. Others, who are more alive to the main chance, get busy with various contacts in the entertainment world and make far more money in outside occupations than the Corporation pays them. Consider the many economies that could be made without reducing the efficiency of the service. For instance, the Home and Light could effectively merge until 6 p.m., and two hours could be lopped off the Third without any great loss.

Television has trebled its staff since the pre-war era, without very noticeably increasing its programme output. An American television station can run on a staff of 120, putting out 12 hours a day programmes; the B.B.C. needs 1,500 for a five-hour day. With the *Radio Times* making an annual profit of a million pounds, it seems high time some reduction was now made in the cost of licence fees. PETER BRIERLEY

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Books in General

In periods of religious or ideological upheaval, the literature of apostasy must always be abundant, fascinating and slightly repellent. Impelled by fear of the rack, by hope of reward or by the exaltation of the repentant sinner, the Catholic renegade of three hundred years ago disclosed the horrifying details of some Popish plot. In so doing he provided the propaganda which fortified the Elizabethans in their hot and cold wars.

In this second Elizabethan era, Britain is on the side of the Counter-Reformation, fighting against the great heresy which challenges the Western Establishment. The millenialism, the iconoclasm and the sense of predestined victory, which inspired and often perverted the Protestant struggle for religious and national independence, now impel the millions of Asia and Africa to accept Communist absolutism in the hope of attaining equality, fraternity—and, when the classless society dawns, liberty as well.

The response which has been evoked by this protest against the West is of two kinds. The first is strictly and fanatically anti-Communist, an attempt to confute the Devil by reason and to defeat his minions by force. Those who see salvation in the extirpation of Communism are reactionaries in the literal sense of the word: they are reacting against the history of the last thirty years. Most Englishmen do not share this New World dogma of counter-revolution. We realise that the victories of the great heresy spring from the corruption of our own orthodoxy—every country has the Communists it deserves. So our Counter-Reformation combines a loyalty to the Establishment with a recognition that it must be reformed if it is to be either defensible or worth defending.

The democrat therefore who tries to write objectively about Communism has two enemies, one the Communist and the other the anti-Communist perversion of truth. He soon discovers the difficulty and the unpopularity of objectivity in an age when academics have ceased to be neutral and Clio herself has turned politician. Once again today the propagation of the Faith has become entangled with the propaganda of the Prince. As in the days of Shakespeare, the State employs the Clerks, usually to sanctify its use of force but sometimes to find a justification for a sudden and unexpected accommodation with the enemy. Since war—fought ostensibly for the highest principle—is the normal state of the new Elizabethan man, patriotism demands the unqualified acceptance of the established ideology. But the link between patriotism and personal conscience may at any moment be broken by a sudden shift of alliances, which transforms a servant of Lucifer into a vessel of God, or vice versa. The Clerk must be versatile in his polemics, conforming his argument to the vicissitudes of statecraft, if he is to avoid the wrath of the secular power. Only a few intellectuals will hunt down an idea without regard for the properties and fences across which the chase will lead them. We latter-day Elizabethans share Shakespeare's ambiguous respect for the trimmers whose conviction always coincides with State interests, and also his understanding that the loyalist and the traitor alike can be either men of the purest personal integrity or mercenary time-servers, or both at once.

Nevertheless, it is the apostate who holds the attention of the crowd. Whether he is welcomed back into the fold as a repentant sinner, or shunned as a renegade, he alone can bring news from inside the enemy camp. Because he has dwelt in outer darkness, his vision of the light is incandescent. Those of us who have never strayed across the frontier of loyalty see a distracted world through a mist of perplexity; his picture is painted in glaring black and white. We are tempted to love our enemies, sometimes a little foolishly; he burns with a resentful hatred, and does not understand that we cannot denounce his old convictions and friends as dogmatically as he does, because they were never *our* convictions or *our* friends.

In the eyes of the apostate, the corruption of the Western Establishment is not the failure of the reforming spirit but the absence of a crusading hatred. The shades of grey, as he remembers from his past life, are the colours of compromise and treachery; white and black, of total victory and defeat. Disillusioned in his millenial dreams of a classless kingdom on earth, he transfers his uncritical faith and fanaticism to the Establishment, worshipping its strength, praising its understanding of statecraft and advising the Prince to put his trust not in the people, who can be duped, but in his soldiers, his policemen, and his spies. The apostate, in fact, becomes an Anti-Communist intellectual. Wherever he has his way, the defence of the West becomes not Counter-Reformation but counter-revolution, an absolutist reaction against absolutism.

These reflections have arisen from a reading of Franz Borkenau's study of European Communism*. Like many Vienna Jews of the professional class, Borkenau became a Communist as a young man in the 1920's. He served for some years in the International, and made the acquaintance of most of its leaders before he broke away. His book, *The Communist International*, has rightly become a classic. He composed it, as Arthur Koestler composed *Darkness at Noon* and Alex Weissberg *Conspiracy of Silence*, before his spiritual conflict had been resolved. Like so many Communist intellectuals, he was always a good hater, but at this time his hatreds had not become ossified into habits and mental postures. He was not yet an anti-Communist *à l'outrance* but (like Ruth Fischer, the author of the best work on the German Communist Party) a dissident, appalled by the discovery that Stalin had deliberately stultified the German revolution and would stultify any other revolution which failed to conform to the requirements of Russian statecraft.

There is sometimes a fortunate moment in the agony of apostasy, when the ex-Communist becomes more human than those securely anchored in either orthodoxy. Revolting, in the name of Communist ideals, against their corruption, he still retains sufficient sympathy with his past self and one-time comrades to describe them with detachment, humility and even humour. In this phase his writing ceases to be a mere tract for the times, transcends ideological frontiers and becomes literature. Arthur Koestler achieved this universality when he portrayed Rubashov intellectually defeated by his interrogator and yet rebellious, despite the defeat. Now, I suspect, he would condemn the tragic ambiguity of *Darkness at Noon* and despise Ignazio Silone for refusing to depart from a similar point of no return.

Borkenau never had the creative talent to be ranked with these great Communist apostates. In *The Communist International* and *Spanish Cockpit* he combined erudition and mordant observation with an arrogant but not unattractive detachment. Now even this quality has failed him. He set out to write a history of the Communist Parties of Europe, Britain and America from 1934 until 1945. What he has actually composed is an enormously lengthy tract in support of the thesis that every change in the Communist line outside Russia can be derived from the struggle inside the Politburo. The most useful chapters in his book are those dealing with France, where he relies on Rossi's remarkable investigations into the role of the Communists in the Popular Front and under the German occupation.

For the rest, though the conclusions he draws in his final chapter are sensible enough, he reaches them by a process of reasoning which at first appals the reader and then fascinates by its familiarity. He accepts any evidence which proves his theory, but a few pages later he will be attacking the veracity of the witness on whose word he was relying. He tells us, for instance, that Woodhouse and McNeill are the two best sources for the history of Greek Communism, only to assert:

> Our two chief authorities agree substantially on one important point: that the Greek Communists accepted the challenge on their own, without advice from Moscow. This is downright impossible.

Or observe his method of dealing with the Cominform. His theory is that its creation by Zhdanov was an act of rebellion against Stalin and that, when the militant policy failed, the Zhdanovites were liquidated. The evidence he provides for Stalin's disapproval is a series of articles by Varga. Since these articles were censured, one might assume that Stalin disapproved of them. But no——

> There was a formal official condemnation, but Varga stuck to his guns and kept his position, a thing unthinkable had he not had support in the highest quarters. . . But Varga's articles were only a symptom that it was now possible to attack Zhdanov openly.

Was Zhdanov attacked openly? No, that would be too simple.

> Here too the evidence is not so much insufficient as intentionally misleading . . . As always in such cases, Zhdanov was obliged to sign the resolution which marked his own downfall.

Where has one heard such nightmare logic before? It is, of course, the method used by the fictitious interrogator in *Darkness at Noon* and the real interrogator in *Conspiracy of Silence*. They too prove their case not by testing one witness against another, but by selecting, rearranging and suppressing facts in order to fit an *a priori* assumption. As an anti-Communist,

* *European Communism.* By FRANZ BORKENAU. *Faber.* 42*s.*

Borkenau still demands that history should conform with dogma and provide the evidence required by the Public Prosecutor.

Is it impossible, then, for anyone to bring us the truth from inside the enemy camp? Not impossible, but rare. Re-reading *Revolution of Destruction* and *Hitler Speaks*, we realise how very little has since been added to the picture given in these two masterpieces, which Rauschning wrote in the early 1930's. All the essentials are there, not only the bones but the heart of National Socialism. Why was Rauschning able to do this? Perhaps the reason is that he was not a Nazi but a fellow-traveller in the Third Reich, close enough to Hitler to work with him, sufficiently detached to record truthfully what he had heard. The trouble about men such as Borkenau is that their whole personalities were committed to Communism. To cut away from it involved an act of self-amputation. Like a man who has cut off his own leg, he still wakes up at night and feels the ache in his Communist toes. Apostasy rarely leaves the personality unscarred. Indeed, the renegade who changes sides for money or to save his skin may well be less damaged in the process, and therefore a more truthful witness, than someone who has wrestled with his conscience and deserted with no thought of gain. For a dedicated intellectual, there is nothing more self-destroying than apostasy—except a time-serving loyalty after his belief has been destroyed.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

PREMONITION

A little bird within my head
Suddenly lifted its beak and said :
" One of these days you will be dead."

Facts are facts and have to be faced,
But what's the hurry and why the haste ?
We've all the time in the world to waste. . . .

The tide of time steals up the beach
Till our childhood comes within its reach.
Sand-castles are not hard to breach.

Those first incursions of the sea,
Edging in most stealthily,
Predict the sure catastrophe.

We learn to paddle and long to swim,
To strike out to the ocean's rim,
Hazarding boldly life and limb.

But while we dream, the combers creep
About our ignorant limbs and sweep
Our lives into the fearful deep.

It isn't what we had bargained for.
Painfully schooled in ocean-lore,
We yearn for the protecting shore.

Then time, with melancholy sigh,
Withdraws and leaves us high and dry,
Spent and broken and there we lie

Until the waves' caressing hand,
Once more encroaching on dry land,
Shall cover life and limb with sand. . . .

And so take out the picnic things,
Puff from your pipe those delicate rings
And listen not to the bird that sings.

CHRISTOPHER HANCOCK

RIMBAUD AND MALLARMÉ

Rimbaud's Illuminations. By WALLACE FOWLIE. *Harvill.* 18s.
Mallarmé. By WALLACE FOWLIE. *Dobson.* 30s.

In the sources of a poet's power there is often an extraordinary mingling of diffidence, arrogance and benevolence. He writhes under the indignity of being a schoolboy in a horrible little town, of having big red hands and a merciless mother. He must create the missing superiority in which he will never really believe ; and as he scales his interior mountains, peak beyond peak, his inferiority travels with him. Like a scientist, he discovers new energies which will serve equally well for creation or destruction, and, like a scientist, he does it partly for the sake of the fellow-creatures he has never quite rejected. His poems will not only manifest his spiritual power, they will show others the formula for acquiring it. Then he will find himself in a world populated by his grateful equals, and his loneliness will be ended. Meanwhile, alas, the real world has gone on ; he has destroyed it only in a metaphor ; his friend shoots him with a real revolver. In place of the new universe and new power of his poems, he sees before him only some sheets of paper scrawled with nonsense ; and when at last people begin to hail him as a successful magician and redeemer, it is too late. He only wants to be a successful gun-runner.

This was the only ambition in which Rimbaud failed. " I'm a negro," he wrote—and he went to negro-land, lived with a black girl and a black boy, " entered the true kingdom of the children of Ham," and sold guns to its King Menelik ; but the king saw to it that the guns changed hands on a non-profitmaking basis. In everything else, during his five years of triumph, he had succeeded. He began at fourteen, in a pathetically small way, by winning prizes for the best Latin hexameters in the Charleville high-school, indeed in the whole of France. Then, taking only a year for each step, he made himself a romantic like Hugo, a Parnassian like Banville, a symbolist like Verlaine. At this point (for poor Verlaine was clearly the finest of contemporary poets) there was nothing left to do, but something man had never done before : he must acquire *real* supernatural powers. In this quest his greatness began, and his doom was sealed.

He became a sorcerer—his poems, that is, described and produced, by " verbal alchemy," a state of mind in which anything he cared to say was literally and materially true. Conversely, by his famous " reasoned derangement of all the senses," he produced the state of mind in which the poems could be written, or wrote themselves. Last step but one, he became an angel, a bodiless messenger between man and God, with direct access to both—" I called myself mage or angel," he confessed afterwards, when it was all over. There was still one way left in which he could again raise his stakes, and in basing his whole study on the proposition that Rimbaud was only an angel, Mr. Fowlie falls into a grave understatement. Rimbaud's last endeavour was nothing less than to become God, to seat himself on the throne of the new universe with which he had replaced the old. " I shall be he who will be God," cries " the most beautiful of all these wicked angels " in Verlaine's *Crimen Amoris*. This final enterprise was shortlived, and we have no poems that are certainly written during it—perhaps he didn't need to write any—but *Saison en Enfer* was written after it and about it. He had burst through a spiritual sound-barrier, and disintegrated.

Rimbaud's fall came from his realisation that God is not merely a creator, but the fount of justice and law. " The vision of justice is the pleasure of God alone," he wrote, and knew that he himself had never had that vision or that pleasure. He had built a tower of Babel, and his strength gave out when he was much less than halfway to heaven. Now he was in the other place : " I believe I am in hell, therefore I am

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in hell. . . . I smell of roast meat." Even this illusion faded: "I think I've finished the story of my hell." He was "back to earth, with a duty to seek, and rugged reality to embrace." Poetry was gone for ever—"I no longer know how to speak." "Now I know how to salute beauty"—he means the salute of farewell. "I shall be able to possess truth in a body and soul" (not in words). "I'll ask to be forgiven for feeding myself on lies. And then, let's go." He went to Africa.

Mr. Fowlie's translation is the best part of his book. It has something of Rimbaud's vigour, precision and colour. But in aiming at the precision he misses the ambiguity, or rather simultaneity, of Rimbaud's meaning; his poems, as Verlaine said of his life, are "a flight to all points of the physical and moral universe." Still more serious is his failure to reproduce Rimbaud's rhythm, the lines of force that bind and separate the words. If you took away Rimbaud's words, much of the power and even the significance of the poems would still be there. If you took away Mr. Fowlie's words, nothing would remain. His long and vague introduction adopts what might be called the Baconian theory of Rimbaud. The absurd hypothesis that Rimbaud wrote *Saison en Enfer* before the *Illuminations*, not after, is based on the likelihood (it is no more) that the surviving manuscript was written as late as 1874. There is nothing to show that it was not a copy. Mr. Fowlie accepts Verlaine's notion that the word *Illumination* means a coloured book-illustration. The main allusion is surely to Gérard de Nerval's essays on visionaries and occultists, *Les Illuminés*. An *Illumination* is something that produces, or is produced by, an *Illuminé*. Still, here for better or for worse is the contemporary interpretation of Rimbaud, a book which the young will and should carry about, as the last generation did Miss Rootham's far superior translation twenty years ago, and sift from it what they need.

In some respects Mallarmé's achievement is as great as Rimbaud's, and his lifelong vigil over his "blank page" is no less heroic a martyrdom than Rimbaud's five years of "reasoned derangement." His poems are indestructible and impenetrable—where Rimbaud's are made of fire and ice, Mallarmé's are made of diamond. His work, with its consummation and development in Valéry, destroyed poetry, as *Finnegans Wake* destroyed the novel, for an indefinite period whose end we haven't seen yet. Mallarmé saw the mystery of the universe as a problem of grammar—in the beginning was the word—and grammar in the abstract is very like algebra. His poems are equations, in which terms can be manipulated without affecting the truth of the statement. They are absolutely precise, but the precision lies in the relations he discovers between quantities that are unknown and unknowable. The difficulty of explaining his poems consists not in their lack of meaning, but in the impossibility of expressing that meaning otherwise than in the very words of the poem. The message of Mallarmé, and the cause of his agony, is that x = x.

Mr. Fowlie's *Mallarmé* comprises a biographical introduction, a detailed study of individual poems, which are quoted in full with a prose translation, and a final chapter on Mallarmé's influence upon Valéry, Gide, Claudel and others. This time he is in complete intellectual sympathy with his subject, and he illuminates Mallarmé even more successfully than he obscures the *Illuminations*.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

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SPACIOUS DAYS

The Glitter And The Gold. By CONSUELO VANDERBILT BALSAN. *Heinemann.* 15*s.*

Lady Eleanor Smith. By LORD BIRKENHEAD. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

Well Remembered. By CLAUDE MARTIN BLAGDEN. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 15*s.*

A Mingled Yarn. By H. M. TOMLINSON. *Duckworth.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The beautiful Miss Vanderbilt was eighteen when, in 1895, her mother—a cruel, rather swart-looking person—married her off in floods of tears to the ninth Duke of Marlborough. This was not the first transfusion of dollars for Blenheim; the eighth Duke's American second wife had only just paid for the central heating. Such lease-lend marriages between American heiresses and British aristocrats were frequent during the second half of the nineteenth century; they were seldom altogether successful.

In *The Glitter And The Gold*, which is a lot more interesting than the average book of memoirs, Mme de Balsan tries hard to be fair all round as well as discreet, but even across the years she cannot conceal her detestation of the ninth Duke. At his best, he seems—judging by her account—to have been a petulant stuffed shirt; at his worst, when having her watched by a simian aboriginal page, he has a touch of Sir Percival Glyde in *The Woman In White*. Mme de Balsan gives a terrifying picture of their meals alone in a vast dining room, with the Duke relapsing between forkfuls into a stupor like a catatonic schizophrene afflicted with that mysterious condition which psychiatrists call waxy flexibility. Not that they dined alone often. Much of their life was lived in public, if not, indeed, in state. It was a round of picnics, parties, and balls in the *haute monde* of Edwardia, higher than which no climber will ever be able to climb again. The Prince and Princess of Wales to stay; he—on another occasion—is tetchy about head-dress protocol: "The Princess has taken the trouble to put on a tiara; why have you not done so?" A visit from the Kaiser, and later the Crown Prince—who writes egregiously in the Visitors' Book: "I have been very comfortable here."—Dinner at the Winter Palace with the Tsar: "Tell me please, why does the Duchess of Sutherland go to see Maxim Gorky when she knows he is in temporary exile?" And at Windsor with the old Queen who insists on receiving afterwards in a sombre narrow corridor. To the Abbey as Canopy-bearer to Queen Alexandra, where she watched the palsied Archbishop slop oil all over the place, and held her breath as a trickle escaped and ran down the Queen's nose. To Delhi to stay with the Curzons for the Durbar.

These are some of the high spots. They are described carefully and a bit stiffly; you can hear the creak of stays; but there are plenty of loosenesses and relaxations, like those indulged in by the more intelligent Edwardian ladies under the leadership of Lady Oxford. All of it is entertaining though not quite so exciting or intimate as we had hoped for; perhaps the most vivid parts are those which deal with interior ducal economy at Blenheim, with Servants' Hall protocol, and living conditions in the Housemaids Tower. There is good sport, too, to be had from the feuding between rival branches of the family, and the alarming first encounter with the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough: "Your first duty is to have . . . a son because it would be intolerable to have that little upstart Winston become the Duke." In fact, the vital Winston was one of the few of her husband's relations with whom Mme de Balsan became friends.

By 1906, when she had become partially deaf—she ascribes this to a cold caught in Russia but it sounds suspiciously psychosomatic—there was an official separation. Living her own life, making her own friends from among the Souls set, indulging in active philanthropy, playing hostess for Fabians, she was enormously happier. And as, after her meeting with Col. de Balsan, whom she later married, she became happier still, so the interest fades from her story until it becomes a mere chronicle of elegant comfort. There are, however, two fine stories of Lady Cunard belonging to this later period. At one luncheon party she introduces Michael Arlen as "the only Armenian who has not been massacred," and at another, she announces in a loud shout, "The Grand Duke Dmitri who murdered Rasputin."

Blenheim also figures in Lord Birkenhead's memoir of his sister. Here, too, it tends to steal the picture. The Smith family used to go and stay there for Christmas. F.E. and various Churchills and Crippses all used to racket about together in the Oxfordshire Yeomanry. There are one or two household details, including the story of how the footmen powdered their hair wet so that it set hard like cement. A lot of the rest of the book consists of personal reminiscences of the Twenties, part of the atmosphere of which is quite effectively recaptured with plenty of gossipy anecdotes about socialites and circus performers. The biography of one sibling by another must always present difficulties. Lord Birkenhead, obviously fond of his sister, takes her perhaps rather more seriously as a writer than might some of us: "Eleanor was now reading deeply, and before examining her literary preferences it is interesting to observe her prejudices . . . Eleanor had, by now, become weary of social journalism, and performed it with mechanical indifference . . ." No very distinct, in fact hardly any personality at all emerges, yet the book is oddly readable on the whole.

The author of *Well Remembered* was Bishop of Peterborough from 1927 until his retirement in 1949. He died suddenly aged 77 having just completed his autobiography without the use of notes or diary. The title is most apt for he appears to have remembered everything that ever happened to him. If only he had been rather more egotistical and a shade franker, and if only rather more had happened to him, this might have been a fascinating book. As it is it will do very nicely in its quiet subfusc way. It has a close-woven texture and conveys strong period flavour in the right places. Son of a Buckinghamshire vicar, scholar of Bradfield and Corpus, lecturer in classics to passmen at Christ Church, Rector of Rugby, the Bishop lived at all times an industrious, snug, orderly life, and one so secure that he seems, almost from birth, to have been protected by some invisible carapace—righteous-

ness, no doubt. Although he saw every ball bowled in the University Match at Lords for fifty years, he has a feeling for the grotesque. He tells how Kennedy, the wild headmaster of Shrewsbury, used to seize a new boy by the throat, pinning him against the wall and saying: "What is the difference between *ἐν* and *πω*?" also good stories of Oxford eccentrics including Lewis Carroll, and one shocker about two old dons scuffling for precedence in Corpus Hall. Blenheim figures too in his chronicle. Refusal to allow undergraduates to attend the Ball for the ninth Duke's coming of age was the occasion of an *émeute* at Christ Church. (This was nothing, of course, to the celebrated mutiny at New College soon after the first world war, when the chaplain was crucified to the lawn with croquet hoops.)

A Mingled Yarn appears, remarkably in time for Mr. Tomlinson's eightieth birthday, which is another reminder of the vicious acceleration of the winged chariot. Only the other day one was thinking of him as a sturdy romantic tough, in a minor key, of course, one of the non-swaggering, masochistic Conradian sort, with the genuine, fatalistic melancholy of the real sea-writer who will watch you drown (only while powerless to help you) with the same non-attached interest with which Gorky and Norman Douglas could contemplate an intending suicide on Capri. Some of these autobiographical sketches appear for the first time. Some have been reprinted. The title piece, written last year, is an evocation of childhood in the timeless, classless territory of East End dockland. It is good, and encouraging, to find an octogenarian's writing so clear and sharp and unbooksy. The other chapters take you here and there: Malaya, Paris during the first world war, Burgundy, Devonshire, the Balearic Islands. There is a sensitive description of a somehow particularly Tomlinsonian brown owl, a pet but not a particularly tame or cheerful one, also a strong tribute to Marie Lloyd.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

QUEEN AND SUBJECTS

Elizabeth I and Her Parliaments 1559-1581. By J. E. NEALE. *Cape.* 25*s.*

Can we ever understand the Elizabethan Age? Froude was a great historian, and yet how coarse his simplifications now seem! Lytton Strachey could apprehend other subtleties, and yet how pitiful and presumptuous are his flippant impertinences on this great historical period! The central problem is always the Queen and her complicated relations with her subjects. To Froude she was a frivolous and vacillating *politique*, perpetually betraying, by her levity and procrastination, the consistent Protestant virtue of her subjects; and yet, in defence of certain principles, she defied the whole bench of Romanist bishops at the beginning of her reign, and the whole force of Parliament and the Protestant bishops in the middle of it. The seventeenth-century philosopher, Harrington, explained away her achievement by saying that she "converted her reign, through the perpetual love-tricks that passed between herself and her people, into a kind of romance." Those love-tricks can never be forgotten: they form the idiom of the age, rendering it, to us, even more mysterious; and yet, for all their elaborate euphuism, they were clearly genuine. When the Commons in Parliament—"her faithful Commons" whom, by turns, she exquisitely flattered and imperiously rapped—addressed her as "such a Sovereign as never subjects, by any record, ever had a better" and prayed that God might grant her "the most perfect felicity that ever creature had or might have upon earth," they were clearly in earnest. Nevertheless, the history of Queen Elizabeth in her Parliaments is a history, behind these romantic sentiments, of sustained and passionate opposition, and the reason for this paradox is fundamentally simple; it lies not in the tedious questions of wage-fixing and apprenticeship, purveyance and monopoly in which modern historians seek a dismal refuge, but in a more elementary fact: the commons of England so loved Elizabeth that they genuinely wished she were immortal: they wrestled with her with desperate, panic urgency because they knew that she was not.

For Queen Elizabeth was the Protestant Queen. Precariously both she, in her seclusion at Hatfield, and Protestantism, in its exile abroad, had survived the reign of Mary, and now both had found themselves miraculously in power; but how long would that power last? Everywhere abroad Popery had moved to the counter-attack, and the evident heir to the throne was another Mary, backed by Popes and princes, and likely to be as bloody as the last: the "monstrous and huge dragon," that "dangerous traitress and pestilence of Christendom," that "Jezebel," Mary Queen of Scots. It was all very well for Elizabeth to have her preferences, to tell her subjects that "in the end this shall be for me sufficient, that a marble stone shall declare that a Queen, having reigned such a time, died a virgin." It was all very well for her to assure them of her care for them—"I hope I shall die in quiet with *nunc dimittis*, which cannot be without I see some glimpse of your following surety after my graved bones." It was all very well for her to insist that she was perfectly capable of looking after herself—"I thank God I am endued with such qualities that if I were turned out of the realm in my petticoat, I were able to live in any place in Christendom." But even she was mortal: she nearly died in 1563, of smallpox, and again later of food-poisoning, and assassins were perpetually aiming at her life; and if she died without a Protestant heir, of what use then would mere disabling acts be, which a Popish successor would easily reverse? The Protestant Church of England would be blotted out.

What were the Protestant Commons to do? They must demand that the Queen marry, or fix the succession, and that she not merely disable but destroy Mary Queen of Scots and her fifth column in England; and since these demands meant both opposition to the royal will and encroachment on the royal prerogative, they must organise: organise such a pressure group in Parliament as might force the Queen's hand, such a Church in the country as would be proof against a change of policy. And the Queen, since she would not marry and would not, by naming her successor, "set her winding-sheet before her eyes," and would not needlessly persecute her Roman Catholic subjects, must resort to every device of resistance that wit and law and experience could supply. In the end, she relied on Providence to keep her alive till the danger was past. In this, by singular good fortune, she speculated aright; but who can say that the Commons, who were unwilling so to speculate, were wrong?

Parliamentary organisation and royal resistance—these are the themes of Professor Neale's new book, the first of two volumes which will provide the complete history of Queen Elizabeth's Parliaments. The scholarship, as one knows in advance, is scrupulously exact; many of the sources—in particular the Parliamentary diaries for the period after 1572—are new; and Professor Neale's analytical method, even if it sometimes (and unfortunately especially at the beginning) seems to obstruct the narrative, reveals whole new processes in the struggle. It was a happy decision, too, to give all the Queen's speeches in full. But always the main interest will be in that elaborate, formalised, and after 1570—when the dreary controversy over vestments and the futile clamour for marriage are eclipsed by Mary's flight to England and the assassination plots—dramatic struggle. Particularly I find it in that Puritan organisation, both in Parliament and out, which Professor Neale has uncovered. Formed in exile, kept together by conspiratorial meetings and an ever-tightened discipline (including a technique of self-criticism) the Puritan cells, like the recusant cells, are perhaps more intelligible to us than they could have been to the Victorians. So also are the difficulties of those Protestant

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bishops and Privy Councillors who, faced with the responsibilities of power, found themselves obliged to strike down former allies petulantly censuring them from the Left. As for the Queen, if she emerges, as always, an enigma, an artist beyond the reach of analysis, at least new sides of that strange chameleon character are revealed. We see her not only irresponsibly relying on Providence and alternating, with impredictable virtuosity, her brickbats and her love-tricks, but also asserting, against the united front of clergy and laity, those principles which exalt her above her contemporaries: that clemency with which, for fourteen years, by device after device, she refused to surrender Mary to the block; that conscience with which she refused again and again, to the end, to "make windows into men's souls." And we are left, like Professor Neale, with the reflection, "what manner of woman was this—nay more, what quality of woman in so masculine a society—that dared stand in the isolation of her own instinct and authority against the whole world?"

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Cecil Rhodes. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS. *Collins.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

From a shelf-ful of books and a bundle of old articles André Maurois has distilled a most readable "brief life" of Rhodes. We speed lightly in a hundred and forty pages from vicarage to diamond reef, from tent to university: no Cape to Cairo railway could carry us as fast or as comfortably through the exciting scenes of adventure of "a thrilling, wild, and passionate life." We are left just a little breathless at the end to confront the final epigram in the final sentence—"greatness is not the same as virtue, but there is always virtue in it."

M. Maurois finds Rhodes not only great, and indirectly virtuous, but also congenial. Rhodes was "a poet of action," a rich man who dressed like a poor student, the first man in South Africa to import a motor car and perhaps the last man to read Marcus Aurelius. He sought money as some men seek knowledge, but it was not money for its own sake: it was not to enable him to live like a prince, but to buy the precarious power of a pioneer. The power was designed to transform the dream of the new continent into an achievement, but it was not limited by the urge to paint the map red. "I would annex," he said, "the planets and the stars if I could."

Such imagination has always stirred M. Maurois even in his more cynical moods: it was the lesson of his *Disraeli* that "life is too short to be little." In *Rhodes* we are expected to admire the residual virtue as well as the substantial greatness, for it was both Rhodes's greatness and his virtue that he preferred to build for a distant future that he would never see rather than linger in a past, which he imperfectly understood. In his last years it was his will and testament, founding the Rhodes Scholarships, which came to be "the pleasantest companion" in his life.

M. Maurois writes beautifully, but his biography is both too romantic and too elegant. The elegance sometimes conceals, the romanticism misleads. The word "imperialism" does not appear in these pages, yet as G. M. Young has written, "all the imperialisms of the age seemed to exist in Rhodes in a confused, inextricable embodiment." The vigour of Rhodes's creative imagination was only matched by the untidiness of his mind. He could create a new country—a rare and outstanding achievement—but he could not create a world where all his colourful visions of enlightened empire, racial peace, and permanent prosperity could come true. The celebration of the centenary of his birth this year coincides with a mounting crisis in African imperialism. What are open conflicts today could not be resolved even in Rhodes's time by tidy logic or by great actions: they floated to the sky in beautiful dreams.

ASA BRIGGS

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THE POETRY OF CELEBRATION

From Many Times and Lands. By F. L. LUCAS. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

In the preface to this entertaining book of poems about history Mr. Lucas returns to his attack on other poets: they are obscure, they use a private language, "from indolence or cowardice they have ceased to know enough—to have enough to say on any subject but themselves." Whether or not this will hit anyone worth striking it is an attack which makes a good defence of Mr. Lucas's own position. Delighting in history and biography, and knowing a great deal about them, he is visited by a muse who insists he should celebrate the past in poetry. So in a long poem called *Ivan the Terrible* he finds Nash and Chapman in a tavern discussing the merits of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. With them is the traveller Anthony Jenkinson, who sees Marlowe's hero as a pretentious figure:

> But the true Tamburlaine was hardly poet;
> Loved not his women in our western way;
> Conned not Greek gods from Ovid; nor blasphemed
> His holy Prophet. Nay, those crafty eyes—
> Like almonds, with a parrot's beak betwixt—
> Concealed a soul subtle beyond the reach
> Of your elephant in rut whose trumpetings
> Make gape the astonished Rose. Give *me* a poet
> That holds the mirror, not to his own features,
> But to the infinite mystery of men;

and goes on to recount in 300 lines the life of Ivan the Terrible. From the start we are interested in him:

> . . . yon strange miscellany
> Of goading lusts, yet dread of God and men,
> Arrogance, hatred, longing to be loved,
> And hellish conscience writhing for salvation—
> More dark and tortuous than the passages
> Of his own Kremlin.

and we read on very much enjoying the story and perhaps not even irritated by such passages as—

> Pity, my friends, the masters of this world
> Whose lips are pressed to the poisoned golden cup
> of power unslaked—

to Ivan's strangely predicted death over the chessboard. Yet Mr. Lucas has established Jenkinson and the wits so strongly that we welcome another eighty lines in which they return to the question whether a poet may celebrate history, and the suggestion that the young man from Warwickshire with "a forehead like St. Peter's Dome" may be the man to do it.

From Many Times and Lands is a true title. The 106 poems are so arranged as to give the effect of universal history unfolded by a single mind—a spirit more Greek than Christian, celebrating man's bravery and infamy, his power and weakness and despair, and ringing out the clash and change of his ideas. So, in a very few of the many poems I found exciting, Homer confronts a Jewish psalmist at Sidon; Duke P'ing asks his sages how to resist the armies of Ch'i and receives their numerological advice: "So did Duke P'ing. Where the nettles crawl, Yonder moulders his castle wall"; Europe breaks up with figure of Massilia, "grass-grown quays untrodden. . . . Wrecks are we, Before that shining Crescent shoreward driven. God takes away the sea"; Oliver Barnakarl forbids his Norsemen to toss captive children on to their pikes; the robber John of Beauquesne jests at God but "gave to Our Lady courtesy"—for three days she supported him when he was hanged, and he died a friar; The Conquistadors bring the Cross to the Americas, "and *they* were crucified." But no list or summary can give more than a hint of the richness and subtlety of these songs of action. Almost always I found I had enjoyed them because of the subject, because of the verse, and in spite of the poetry. Mr. Lucas is a master of narrative, of pleasant verse-forms and the charm of rhyme, but his language, though it achieves an attractive eloquence, seldom rises to memorable beauty. It is as though the poetry were painted over the verse as a "finish"—at its best a brilliant gloss, at worst like old silver-plate, tarnished and peeling, yet even then showing honest copper beneath. "Well for the race whose past endures," is Mr. Lucas's affirmation, and well for us he should have written of it so intelligently and convincingly. Only a little sad that to a man so devoted the muse should have forbidden the fusion of subject, feeling and word which is great poetry.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

A VOICE FROM THE DARK

Return to Goli. By PETER ABRAHAMS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In 1952 the author of this book revisited "Goli"—the native name for Johannesburg—to write a series of articles for the *Observer*. Mr. Peter Abrahams is a "Cape Coloured" who, born in Johannesburg, lived in the Union for thirty years. In 1941 he came—I had almost written "escaped"—to England. He is now a well-known novelist and broadcaster. To a non-non-European South African like myself such an achievement—even for "Cape Coloured," who are in a relatively easier position than other non-Europeans of the Union—must seem almost as wonderful as, say, Miss Helen Keller's. For everything—social conditions, educational opportunities, etcetera (and too many of my fellow-Burgers would, I know, include Nature if not God)—was against it, and still is. But it is poetic justice that of a number of documents dealing with social conditions and the colour bar in South Africa, which have been appearing of late with a naturally increasing frequency, one of the best and most dispassionate should come from the pen of a man born on the unlucky side of a barrier that makes the Iron Curtain seem in comparison a piece of decorative mosquito-netting.

An account of the Union by one of its non-

White natives, however badly written, could not fail to be interesting. But Mr. Abrahams is also an intelligent and sensitive man, who writes clearly and well and thinks without bigotry—this much is evident from his book. The colour bar, he explains, cuts both ways: Black and Brown become as intolerant of other colours as White, and are in fact exposed, because oppressed, to subtler but no less malignant temptations to intolerance. This has been the tragedy of Jomo Kenyatta. There is a distinction between the colour bar and colour prejudice: the latter, while perhaps regrettable, is a matter for individual feeling, but the former exists as a system backed by law, and operates to humiliate and exploit one section of a community in favour of another. Mr. Abrahams's book contains the statistics to prove what a visitor to the Union can guess, but, holding more than further figures of oppression and misery, it offers what is perhaps hope. The non-Europeans of South Africa are beginning to understand each other and to co-operate; and there is at least one White, son of a former Governor-General, who has gone to gaol rather than acquiesce in the *apartheid* laws.

For obvious reasons Mr. Abrahams's remarks are not hampered, as are those of Whites who have written on this subject, with the emotion of involuntary guilt; and what is less to be expected, neither are they distorted by anger. He writes of Dutch-speaking South Africans with understanding and a wry sympathy, but makes the paradoxical observation that the educated Blacks of the cities seemed to him to be more "Western" and "European" than did most of the Afrikaners. "Through their educational institutions the Blacks have had a more continuous and flowing contact with Europe than have had the vast majority of the descendants of the trekkers."

Mr. Abrahams paid a brief visit to Kenya, where he met Jomo Kenyatta (this was just before the beginning of the Mau Mau troubles) and heard the moving prayer of an old chief of the Kikuyu before Mount Kenya: "And again we pray for our land, for our land is the blood of our life." But the condition of most non-Europeans in the Union and in many other areas of the continent finds its plainest expression in an Afrikaans sentence that Mr. Abrahams quotes and translates. "Too little to live on, and too much to die from."

DAVID WRIGHT

TROUBADOURS OF SPAIN

Anthology of Catalan Lyric Poetry. Edited by JOAN TRIADÚ and JOAN GILI. *Dolphin*. 30s.

Catalan poetry has the unique interest of being the genuine voice of a racial minority and yet reflecting with great purity some of the main poetic attitudes of Western Europe. This in spite of the fact that it stopped short on the brink of the Renaissance, knew virtually nothing of classicism and the baroque, but revived after three hundred years to express—all the more freshly—the regional feelings which went with Romanticism. Catalan poets have felt nearer to Italy than to Spain, but nearest of all to that submerged continent of European literature, the Provence of the troubadours. With this they were at first linked, geographically and politically, and used the same language and verse-forms. When the possibility of a single Mediterranean culture stretching from the Po to the Ebro collapsed in the thirteenth century, Catalans continued to expand the troubadour tradition in their own kindred dialect. They can face Dante with Ramon Llull and Petrarch with Ausiàs March without feeling provincial in comparison. There followed the decadence, the political and cultural domination of Castile, then the "Renaissance" which for Catalans begins traditionally in 1833 with an ode published in a newspaper.

This extraordinary pattern of literary history allows poets of the nineteenth century to rub shoulders with those of the fifteenth in the same anthology. Yet although the medieval ancestors seem encouragingly near, the modern poets have no tinge of the archaic. They live in their own age, and are kept in it by a language which is a perfect medium for direct expression, since jargon and sub-literature have not been allowed to debase it:

> Its banishment from all official usage, the lack of cultivation by uninspired professionals of verse for centuries, preserved it from that standardisation of topics, phrases and clichés to which both those employments lead. This demanded a constancy of the creative urge from which poets might otherwise have been exempt, but it did so without obliging them to seek the recondite, since words in daily use had never been devalued by professional abuse.

For this among other reasons, Señor Triadú suggests in his introduction to the present anthology that no other language since Ancient Greek has had an equal "predisposition to poetry." It is interesting to speculate whether this relatively uncomplicated Latin tongue could not become, as Provençal earlier, a new international language for poetry. But it would then lose its vital link with the soil of Catalonia and with that, perhaps, its lyric sobriety.

The total ban imposed within Spain in 1939 on publications in Catalan has been progressively eased during the past five years and poets whose books pass the censorship can today be published again in Barcelona. Several of the best must naturally still publish abroad. But exile and difficulties have brought no decline in vigour, as the later pages of this anthology show.

It is a wide-ranging and objective selection, startlingly rich to be the poetic compendium of a tongue never spoken by more than five million people.

GEOFFREY BRERETON

NEW NOVELS

The Land That Touches Mine. By JOHN SANFORD. *Cape*. 12s. 6d.

The Lotus and the Wind. By JOHN MASTERS. *Michael Joseph*. 12s. 6d.

A Change of Sky. By FRANK SINGLETON. *Chatto & Windus*. 11s. 6d.

Rebecca Redfern. By R. P. LISTER. *Andre Deutsch*. 9s. 6d.

The Land That Touches Mine, a first novel from the United States, seems to me muddled in conception to the point of sentimentality. Nevertheless, a book that reminds one from time to time, in its use of language, of *Soldiers' Pay* and *Under the Volcano* is obviously not negligible, and half-baked though he appears in this book Mr. Sanford is without question a novelist of exciting promise. His theme here is betrayal. When we first meet the central character Stephen Pierce—hero even in a formal sense would be a misnomer—he is adrift in southern California, a deserter from the American Army; when we leave him two or three days later he has been handed over by the hotel waitress who has mothered him and is prepared to love him, to the military police; in between, encouraged by the waitress, he has surreptitiously entered Mexico and then, discovering he is an American, as surreptitiously re-entered the States.

But Mr. Sanford's conception of betrayal goes deeper than this; it is seen as something all-pervasive in the human situation, analogous to Wilde's "And each man kills the thing he loves." We learn, through the italicised flashbacks that Mr. Sanford uses with such skill, that Pierce has been himself betrayed from the beginning, having been brought up in an orphanage, and has then, by getting himself adopted by a foster-father, betrayed his beloved brother; so that from the start he has been imbued with the sense of man's endemic inhumanity to man, to such a degree that, when we first meet him, he has opted out of all human relationships.

Pierce's view of the human situation is not exactly a new one, yet Mr. Sanford's treatment of it is unsatisfactory. Mr. Sanford has been widely acclaimed as an experimental novelist, which means—and how glad one is to see it—that he has returned for his technique to the novelists of the Twenties. Yet his technique, though exciting, serves in the end to expose the inadequacy of his novel. To each chapter of his book he has prefixed, rather as Hemingway did to the stories of *In Our Time*, an instance of man's inhumanity to man. These are in verse, and pretty good verse it seems to me: the Pilgrim Fathers celebrate their landing in America by slaughtering Red Indians; Negro slaves, freed by Lincoln, find themselves as a result in a different kind of slavery; and so on. The trouble is, Pierce's situation exists in no true counterpart to these. The religious-minded might say that no one has taught him to count his blessings; the tough-minded, that for an orphan he has done pretty well for himself, having been adopted by a good man who has sent him to a university; everyone, I think, must feel that he is presented as pullulating with self-pity. He is, it seems to me, a symbol of Mr. Sanford's own dilemma, which appears to be his inability at the moment to reconcile his knowledge of evil with his awareness of good. It is for this reason that Pierce's discovery of his identity with his country ("Every country has a dirty-shirt history, and no man ever got clean by running away from his own") is so unconvincing.

Yet much remains to this novel. The good—the waitress, Pierce's foster-father, the superintendent of the orphanage, the rural policeman—are as vividly realised as the characters of unthinking, undiscriminating evil. And above all there is the whole ambiance of the book, the south Californian scene in high summer when the sun at noon pole-axes the unwary traveller, a man-made waste land where there is not even solitude "but red sullen faces sneer and snarl from doors of mudcracked houses." If there were water—but there is no water. At least Mr. Sanford has found none. But, by the end of this novel, one is left with the feeling that he is obstinately convinced that there is water somewhere and that one

"Can These Dry Bones Live?"

UNTIL recently many people thought Victorian subject painting as dead as the bones in Bowler's celebrated graveyard scene; but informed taste is changing and in **THE PAINTERS OF THE VICTORIAN SCENE** (42s.) ***Graham Reynolds*** of the Victoria & Albert Museum, has written a much needed revaluation of such pictures, from Wilkie and Mulready to Sickert and Tonks. These works—lavishly illustrated here in colour and monochrome—appeal not only artistically but as a social record of an extraordinary epoch.

Another manifestation of the Victorian age is Barry's Palace of Westminster and this is delightfully described and illustrated in **THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT** (16s.) by ***Hans Wild*** and ***James Pope-Hennessy***. This first came out in 1945 and was described by the *Times Literary Supplement* as "by far the best monograph on the subject yet produced." Two editions were sold at once and now, revised and brought up-to-date, it is again available. The 97 illustrations are outstanding; the text is a model of fact and style.

BATSFORD

day he will find it. The chances are he will then be a major novelist.

The hero of *The Lotus and the Wind* is also an estranged man, a young officer of Gurkhas who, in a campaign against the Afghans in 1879, is accused by his fellow-officers of cowardice. In fact, he lives in an altogether different world from theirs, though he redeems himself later as a secret agent spying on the Russians in the tangle of mountain ranges where India, China, Afghanistan, Russia and Persia meet. The healing of Robin Savage's estrangement through his wife's love for him seemed to me the least convincing part of Mr. Masters's novel; but Savage as a T. E. Lawrence-like figure is ably rendered, and the account of his travels and adventures through deserts and on high peaks is brilliant. The novelty of the scene makes this novel an unusual and particularly thrilling adventure story. This is Mr. Masters's third novel, and for the great majority of readers he must have thrown a quite new light on the life and work of the British in India during the last century. One of his great assets, apart from the vigour and vividness of his prose, is his impartial sympathy: he seems completely at home with men of all the races and religions his hero encounters.

A Change of Sky and *Rebecca Redfern* are light novels. That is, the ends their authors have proposed to themselves are deliberately restricted to the entertainment of the reader. Both are admirable of their kind, and Mr. Singleton's story of the famous woman pianist who returns to the Lancashire mill-town of her birth after an absence of twenty-five years I found particularly attractive. In scene and characters, as in its author's relishing sympathy, *A Change of Sky* is reminiscent of Arnold Bennett at his second best, Bennett as he wrote when his ambitions were limited. Not that Mr. Singleton writes like Bennett; his wit and turns of phrase are often Jamesian. This novel is so good that one hopes that Mr. Singleton will now attempt something rather more ambitious.

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The only thing wrong with *Rebecca Redfern* is its title. In fact, Mr. Lister very deftly treats of eight characters, denizens of the King's Road, Chelsea, as their lives intersect, and each character in turn takes up the story of Kenneth Redfern's return from the wars to his reluctant wife and of the strange poltergeistic happenings in her friend Gardenia's flat. Besides wit and a light touch, Mr. Lister also has invention, so that his story continually surprises. He has netted an amusing handful of arty and phoney-arty types, together with one stolid Englishman whom all scorn and on whom all rely. The types are real: "I read some of Karl Marx, and he was frightfully exciting and of course too right, but a bit heavy; and then I read most or some of Trotsky's book on the Revolution, that was before I realised that he was really a Fascist, or at least a Left Deviator." One knew them before the war in W.C.1, and N.W.3; it is nice to know they are still there in S.W.3, and still good for a laugh.

WALTER ALLEN

PATIENTS AND CRIMINALS

To Define True Madness. By HENRY YELLOWLEES. *Sidgwick & Jackson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Psychological Disorder and Crime. By W. LINDESAY NEUSTATTER. *Christopher Johnson.* 21*s.*

Social Service and Mental Health. By MARGARET ASHDOWN and S. CLEMENT BROWN. *Routledge.* 16*s.*

Dr. Yellowlees's title is misleading, for his book is not primarily about madness, but about neurosis—the less eye-catching sub-title *Commonsense Psychiatry for Lay People* gives a better idea of the contents. The choice of the main title is unfortunate, for it may well scare off some potential readers, as well as strengthening the common confusion between neurosis and insanity which sometimes makes neurotics reluctant to seek treatment.

The book opens on a curiously indignant and aggressive note. In the first paragraph the author asserts that "psychiatry has . . . in recent years become the butt and the laughing stock of a majority of both the medical profession and the general public"; and on the next page he relates what he said to the magistrate's clerk who telephoned him, on the magistrate's instructions, to ask if he would speak in a debate against the motion "That psychiatry is all rubbish." "I told him that the vulgar insult to my specialty and myself was a small matter compared with the fact that a magistrate should degrade his office and misuse his position by a public display of ignorant buffoonery." ("He says he can't manage it, Sir, and he sounds a bit shirty.")

But as the book goes on the author moves from polemic to exposition and this note is less often heard—though it still sounds faintly when Learned Counsel and Her Majesty's Judges are mentioned. By chapter V the change of tone is complete. The section that follows can fairly be described as brilliant. The contents are indicated by the chapter-headings—Depression, "Just Psychological Theory," "Inferiority Complex," "Anxiety Neurosis," and "Suffering from Delusions." To expound these topics to the layman in a way that is neither obscure nor misleadingly simplified is a most difficult task, and it is a measure of Dr. Yellowlees's achievement that he makes it look easy. His presentation is highly informal, and has many of the qualities of good talk. He is lucid, incisive, witty, with a flair for the illuminating analogy and the apt quotation; and he is never superficial or cheap. This is "popular" writing at its best.

After this *tour de force* the last two chapters are something of a let-down. One gets the impression that they were added as an afterthought, perhaps to make the book up to a standard length; and the penultimate chapter "Guilty but Insane," which is based on an address given to a University Law Faculty, contains some further embarrassing signs of the chip on the shoulder.

Dr. Yellowlees is what we are now beginning to call a "traditional" medical psychologist. His main affinities are with Freud and Adler. Recent attempts to make psychiatry more scientific do not engage his sympathy. He insists that psychiatry is "a unique combination of science and art," and he deplores what he regards as the current tendency to allow "routine procedures and tests" to supplant the all-important personal relation between patient and therapist. He tends also (unduly, in this reviewer's opinion) to minimise the importance of the hereditary factor in mental disorder.

Dr. Neustatter's book aims at "summarising the main psychological disorders and their relation to crime for the benefit of lawyers, magistrates, probation officers and social workers." It deals with such recent cases as those of Straffen and Craig and Bentley; and it discusses the McNaughten rules for the definition of legal insanity, on which the author is in complete agreement with Dr. Yellowlees—holding that, though the rules are defective, they are in fact applied with such breadth and humanity that they have seldom, if ever, led to a miscarriage of justice.

Psychological Disorder and Crime contains a great deal of information, but much of it is badly presented. The book gives the impression of having been got out in a hurry. It is uneven; some of the chapters read like finished work, others like unrevised first drafts. It contains some remarkably slipshod writing: "While normally respecting anybody's privacy, it may not be in the patient's interest to do so." "Verbal tests, which measure something already learned, do not tend to fall off [with age], and they therefore give the measure of past ability. Performance tests, and tests requiring even simple powers of formulation, do"; there are a number of spelling errors, and at times the carelessness of the writing leads to obscurity as well as inelegance, as in the account of mental age and the intelligence quotient on p. 110. Despite these lapses, there are probably few "lawyers, magistrates, probation officers and social workers" who would not find the book a useful work of reference. But George Primrose's critical dictum is much to the point; the book would have been better if the writer had taken more pains.

Social Service and Mental Health is a detailed account of a "follow-up" study of ninety-three psychiatric social workers who received their professional training at the Mental Health Course of the London School of Economics. The subject is specialised, and the appeal of the book will be mainly to those who are concerned, directly or indirectly, with psychiatric social work. To them, and especially to prospective and recent entrants to this relatively new profession, the book will be absorbing, for it comes as near as is possible to providing vicarious experience.

MARGARET KNIGHT

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Poems and Plays of Gordon Bottomley. Edited by CLAUDE COLLEER ABBOTT. *Bodley Head.* 30*s.*

Gordon Bottomley is still an unexpectedly readable dramatist. Here, for instance, is a sample of his idiom from *King Lear's Wife* (1915)—Cordelia's dying mother on Cordelia:

> Because a woman gives herself for ever
> Cordeil the useless had to be conceived
> (Like an after-thought that deceives nobody)
> To keep her father from another woman.

Something of the situation and even the style recur many years later in *The Family Reunion*, probably not because there was much cross-reference but because both Bottomley and Mr. Eliot went back to the same sources. Or, here is an example in another mood from *Gruach* (1921), Bottomley's even more adroit prelude to *Macbeth*. The old steward is complaining on a wedding morning:

> It is a last injustice in the order of things
> For snow to be added to the burdens of a feast day.
> Men will tread it out, and in, and in again.

Why does this seem to echo the rhythms of *Murder in the Cathedral?*

In other circumstances Bottomley might have been more than readable. There is a touch of complaint as well as complacency in his remark, "I have never lived the life of today having been cut out of it from the age of eighteen." His stagecraft always has a practical turn, his characterisation is dry, shrewd and humourous—and this in some of the unlikeliest places, for example in his last work, a prose *Deirdre*. The awkward form he adopted—the forty to fifty minute play—may have been the result of his physical limits too, for words were costly, "and sometimes I could not afford even the mouthful of air which is the condition of their existence." He once spoke of himself jocularly as "a showman first." Perhaps the luck, that prevented him from making the jest come true, leaves us the losers.

Fred of Oxford. By FRED BICKERTON. *Evans.* 18*s.*

Fred Bickerton was until recently Head Porter of University College. He survived the reigns of six Masters, observed the effect upon Oxford of two major wars and, among a great galaxy of distinguished undergraduates, he recalls men as diverse as Mr. Attlee and Mr. Stephen Spender. Despite its rather characterless manner, Fred's memoir is entertainingly informative. He goes hour by hour over a typical day in the Lodge, comments upon the appearance in Oxford of the morning coffee habit after the first War, supports the college's expulsion of Shelley ("Whereabouts is Shelley's tomb?" tourists used frequently to ask him), includes a chapter on the Duke of Windsor's undergraduate residence at Magdalen, and at the end, pronounces upon the change that has occurred in Oxford since his youth, the change from "the aristocratic to the democratic style." This has indeed produced a new type of undergraduate and the writer confesses to wondering sometimes whether the young men up now are likely to prove so outstanding either in athletics or in studies as the men he knew before the First World War: but this is his sole moment of pessimism in a genial, worthwhile, contented book.

Existentialism from Within. By E. L. ALLEN. *Routledge.* 18*s.*

Of course it has to be "from within," to be of any use; for an important doctrine of existentialism is the incommunicable uniqueness of this situation which I am in, in which I stand committed to decision and action, rather than to generalising philosophy. According to Dr. Allen's excellent definition, "existentialism is an attempt at philosophising from the standpoint of the actor instead of, as has been customary, from that of the spectator." In this way the existentialists have brought, as it were, a new dimension into philosophy, which is of great value; among other things they have given, as Dr. Allen says, a new meaning to the discussion of freedom. In ethics the contrast they draw, in considering my attitude to other persons, between the I-Thou and the I-It relationships, has proved most fruitful.

But what is the upshot of it all? Here existentialists differ. Dr. Allen, who is head of the department of divinity at King's College, Newcastle, is confident that, rightly considered, it leads to a new and deeper interpretation of Christianity, and of the work of God in the Old Testament, in history and in the present crisis. He gives a useful and often penetrating outline of the thought of some of the key-figures: Heidegger, Sartre, Jaspers and Marcel. This sequence is for him a progress from negative to positive, from self-torment to faith, from an atheistic obsession with death to an assured knowledge of God. The chapter on Sartre is particularly good, revealing him as probably the most truly existentialist of them all, and ethically the most acute, though this is not what Dr. Allen intends.

I'm on a See-Saw: An Autobiography. By VIVIAN ELLIS. *Michael Joseph.* 18*s.*

Only by careful deduction and circumstantial evidence can one learn from this book that its author must be in the very late forties. Mr. Ellis's refusal to give the date and place of his birth is almost feminine, but he writes with all the verve and enthusiasm of a young man, and it comes as a shock to realise that he was already writing hit songs a quarter of a century ago. Perhaps the secret is that the world of the musical theatre does not change or grow old. The cast may change, and the scenery; but the characters, the problems, the eternal-springing hopes and fears are perennially the same. Vivian Ellis invaded this world the hard way. He set out to be a concert pianist, was sent into the City, abandoned it before he was twenty and learned the rudiments of popular music as a song-plugger in Charing Cross Road. His recollections of his days as a demonstrator of popular songs to pantomime principal boys and variety "arteests" are typical of the author's gentle way of laughing at everybody and everything, himself included.

I'm on a See-Saw is a success story, a success story which is as entertaining to read as it obviously was to write. Mr. Ellis clearly enjoys success, and if some parts of it read like rather "smart" dialogue, it reveals a charming, sly personality, generously appreciative of colleagues, observant and enthusiastic.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,215

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a poem on *London, June*, 1953, in the style of any poet (*e.g.* Dunbar, Dryden, Johnson, Blake, James Thomson, Bridges) who has celebrated London. Limit, 16 lines; entries by June 16.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,212

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are asked to suppose that the writers named in the brackets have been invited to give a title of their own choosing to the antecedent work. Eight of these titles are invited:—

Little Lord Fauntleroy (Evelyn Waugh); *The Cocktail Party* (Congreve); *Jane Eyre* (Aldous Huxley); *Dusty Answer* (Jane Austen); *Tamburlaine* (Shaw); *Mansfield Park* (Rosamond Lehmann); *Middlemarch* (Charles Reade); *Martin Chuzzlewit* (Henry Green); *Ghosts* (Noel Coward); *The Waste Land* (Wordsworth); *Villette* (Thomas Hardy); and *Eric, or Little by Little* (Angus Wilson).

Report by Naomi Lewis

Admittedly, Shakespeare must have been the most careless of all titlers, never bothering even, as everyone else has done ever since, to fall back on a quotation from one of his own plays. It is true, also, that nearly all novels today are arbitrarily named, like the orphans in *Oliver Twist*, from a rota list kept in the publisher's safe. But these things are no excuse for a similar recklessness on the part of competitors. The authors chosen have each a characteristic touch. Though they would certainly have read into the given work *something different*—more sinister, perhaps, or more innocent—their titles would provide not only a flavour of their own quality but a penetrating glance at the book's content. Wordsworth, at whatever cost in length, would have *explained*. (Bill Stickers did this admirably). Jane Austen would have been succinct without sophistication. (*Disappointment* was excellent). The Henry Greens had much to resume in a word; perhaps Granville Garley came nearest. Mr. Wilson would have done better than any of his emulators. Hardy's rugged *élan* defeated nearly everybody. Two or three people caught rather well the engaging assault of the Charles Reade manner; still more did well with Noel Coward. The tangled domestic interior, at least, is common to both playwrights. Nobody at all, however, succeeded with Huxley's *Jane Eyre* (though J. R. Till did best). But then, Mr. Huxley has rarely betrayed any understanding of women, governesses or no. Since nobody produced eight winners, the prizes are awarded, more or less, on points, the misses counting against the hits. Two guineas, then, to Granville Garley; one and a half guineas each to Eric Swainson and Apple Tree; ten and six each to Paul Potter and H. A. C. Evans. Most of their entries will be found, *passim*, below.

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Stanzas Composed on Perusing Miss Weston's History of the Legend of the Holy Grail (Bill Stickers)

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Mr. J. C. Mather on maintaining Company's future well-being

THE eighty-ninth annual general meeting of Cammell Laird and Co., Ltd., was held on May 29 at Birkenhead.

MR. J. C. MATHER, J.P., the chairman, who presided, said:—

Ladies and gentlemen,—Before proceeding to the business of our eighty-ninth annual general meeting, I would like to extend a welcome to Mr. J. H. Bromfield, who has recently been appointed to the Board and therefore comes before you for election. Mr. Bromfield brings experience and qualities of mind which I am sure will be of great help to us in the direction of the company's affairs.

I am glad to be able to report that we have again had a satisfactory year, and before going any further I would like to pay tribute to all those who have worked together to produce these results and maintain the reputation of the company, the managing director, the management, staff and workmen. Too much is heard these days of the two sides of industry, but it is only by real team work, such as generally exists in this yard, that success can be achieved.

During the year Mr. Bernard Jones, our secretary, and Mr. James Watters, our shipbuilding manager, were awarded the O.B.E.; and in the New Year's Honours List this year, Mr. Robert Smith, our head foreman electrician, received the M.B.E. I am sure you will share our pleasure at this recognition of the long and loyal service which these gentlemen have given to the country and to your company.

BALANCE-SHEET FEATURES

Turning now to the accounts for the past year and dealing first with the assets shown in the balance-sheet, it will be noted that whereas for some years additions to properties have been more or less equalled by depreciation written off, thus stabilising the net total at about £1,000,000, the additions for 1952, at £178,000, are £90,000 more than the year's depreciation figure. Two of the factors contributing to this are the inflated costs of capital expenditure and the suspension, as from April, 1952, of the initial allowances on such expenditure. In spite of these adverse circumstances we must keep our ship yard well equipped on modern lines in order to meet growing competition, especially from abroad. The increase in trade investments of about £40,000 represents instalments paid on account of two tugs (being built by us for local owners) in which we have taken a financial interest. Under current assets, stock-in-trade and work-in-progress again show a substantial increase over last year, due to further rises in costs and delays in the delivery to us of essential components. A corresponding increase is shown in the total instalments received on account of work-in-progress.

You will remember that in my statement last year, I mentioned that we had decided to reduce our bank balance and add to our investments, and this is reflected in this year's accounts. During the year, advantage has been taken of favourable opportunities to sell a large proportion of our long-dated Government securities and re-invest in shorter dated stocks. Apart from the advantage to us of holding the latter, an appreciable gain in the comparative market value of the stocks has, in fact, resulted, and with the improvement in market values since the end of the year a considerable amount of the book loss referred to in Note 1 on the accounts has now been recovered. The balance-sheet shows a difference of about £350,000 between the book value and market value of quoted securities: since the end of the year with improved market values, the deficiency has almost disappeared.

Turning to the other side of the balance-sheet, you will notice that we have transferred the E.P.T. post-war refund, which is no longer required, to a new capital reserve for the increased replacement costs of fixed assets: a transfer is also made to this reserve from the appropriation account in order to bring the total to £500,000. Further additions will be made to this reserve as circumstances dictate and as profits allow. General reserve has been increased to £2,150,000 by the transfer of £65,000 from appropriation account and £60,000 from tax provision no longer required.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

In the profit and loss account, the increase in trading profit is again due principally to the inclusion of a proportion of profit earned on work-in-progress, for the same reasons as those mentioned last year.

The increased profit results in a corresponding increase in the provision for tax, but we welcome the reduction in income-tax made by the Chancellor in his recent Budget as a step in the right direction. It is a step—and we are told that it is part of a three-year plan—towards the recognition of industry, and the individual, as responsible people, because it makes it a little easier for all of us to put on one side the savings by which alone the future can be safeguarded. It is strange that in this country the function of profits should be so misunderstood. They should be regarded in part at least as a means of keeping plant and equipment up-to-date and so help to maintain employment. Although your company was not affected by the Excess Profits Levy, its abolition will be generally welcomed; but I personally cannot raise much enthusiasm for the restoration of initial allowances. They are, at best, a substitute for the savings which industry ought to be allowed to retain from its operating profits.

NET PROFIT AND DIVIDEND

The net profit for the year, after again appropriating £60,000 for depreciation in the value of trading stocks, amounts to £655,227 and your directors recommend that approximately 55 per cent. of this sum should be paid to the stockholders, the remainder being put to reserve. Were it not for the substantial reserves of the company, to which I shall refer later, we would regard 45 per cent. of the net profit saved for the future as too low a proportion, but in the present circumstances we believe that it is reasonable. There has been a general tendency to restrict dividends in the hope of restricting wage demands, but this policy does not appear to have had much success. Stockholders and workpeople alike should have as much return for what they put into the business as is compatible with maintaining the health of the undertaking for the benefit of both. The dividend this year has been increased to a total of 15 per cent., a figure which your Board hopes it may be possible to maintain for the next two or three years. In addition, a special bonus of 2 per cent. tax free is recommended for the current year.

ANALYSIS OF EACH £1 OF REVENUE

Last year I gave details of the way in which each pound of revenue earned by the company is accounted for and I think you may be interested to know the equivalent figure for 1952. This year the increased cost of materials raised this item from 8s. 10d. to 9s. 5½d., leaving 10s. 6½d. to pay those engaged in the business, put something on one side and pay the stockholders a dividend. Wages this year accounted for 5s. 10½d. and overhead expenses and depreciation for 2s. 2d. Both these items are relatively lower than last year, due to the inflated cost of turnover. The resultant gross profit amounts to 2s. 6½d. of which taxation takes slightly less at 1s. 5½d., and the remaining 1s. 0½d. is divided between savings (5½d.) and dividend (7d.).

STEEL INTEREST

The liquid resources of the company, to which I have already referred, are, of course, being retained in that state pending a decision in regard to the reacquisition of our holding in the English Steel Corporation. I had hoped that by this time I should have been able to give you some information, but as you know, the Iron and Steel Bill has only just received the Royal Assent and the Realisation Agency responsible for returning the steel industry to private ownership has not yet been set up. The possession of a substantial interest in a concern such as the English Steel Corporation has obvious advantages to a company of this kind. Until it is known what interest can be acquired in the English Steel Corporation, and upon what terms, your Board cannot decide whether the reacquisition of such an interest is desirable or not. I very much hope that we shall obtain the information upon which to make a decision without much further delay, for until this is decided, it is impossible to know how much is available for other requirements.

SAFEGUARDING COMPANY'S FUTURE WELL-BEING

Whatever may be the position in regard to English Steel, or any other possible trade investments, you will appreciate that the first duty of your Board is to ensure the future well-being of the company. This means that provision must be made to keep the yard, with all its plant and equipment, in the most efficient and up-to-date state. Only by doing this will we be able to weather the economic storms which may be ahead. It is clear that heavy capital expenditure will be necessary, and in fact your Board is already considering plans for this. These cannot, however, be implemented immediately without interfering with the very full shipbuilding programme which we have on hand. The industry of this country, so far as one can see, is going to be short of capital for many years to come: owing to good fortune or good management, as you like, in the past, we are more fortunate than most in this respect. It seems to me that it would be unwise to throw away this advantage and stockholders will, I am sure, realise that any future application to the public for further capital might well be very expensive and in any case, would mean more stockholders to share in the profits of the company. The maintenance of the future health of the company is, I am sure, of more interest to the stockholders than any immediate distribution.

METROPOLITAN-CAMMELL CARRIAGE AND WAGON COMPANY

The Metropolitan-Cammell Carriage and Wagon Company, Ltd., started the year with a record order book but—owing to continued difficulties with steel supplies—has been working under uneconomic conditions. Production has constantly been held up and the number of men employed has had to be reduced by some 800 since 1951.

The value of deliveries has actually been higher than in any previous year, but this is rather an indication of the rise in costs and prices than of increased production.

Most of the large wagon shipments were for Commonwealth countries and considerable numbers of passenger coaches were shipped to Rhodesia, Ceylon and Egypt. To British Railways the company supplied bolster wagons for steel traffic, hopper ballast wagons, and a number of the new standard steel coaches.

OVERSEAS ORDERS

More than 70 per cent of the value of orders at the beginning of 1953 was for export. The production programme for this year includes passenger coaches and goods wagons for railways in Africa, Rhodesia, Australia, New Zealand, India, Pakistan, Egypt, the Sudan and Argentina, as well as for British Railways.

The intake of orders has fallen off during the last three or four months, due very largely to the lack of purchasing power and exchange difficulties in a number of countries. Foreign competition has also been increasing.

In spite of these difficulties there are still many unfulfilled demands in the world for rolling-stock and big export opportunities exist. To take advantage of these opportunities British builders will be faced with increasing demands for prolonged credit and some priority in steel supplies is going to be essential to enable them to quote satisfactory and competitive deliveries.

Large shipments of "Olympic" integral type buses were made to South America from the Company's Bus Body factory. Output of chassis-mounted buses also was maintained for London Transport Executive and other public transport operators.

SHIPYARD ACTIVITIES

At our shipyards here in Birkenhead we launched nine ships totalling 67,170 gross tons and delivered eight ships totalling 69,744 gross tons. One of these vessels, the "British Crown," owned by the British Tanker Company, Ltd., is the largest tanker yet to be built at our works, having a gross tonnage of 18,600 tons and a deadweight capacity of 28,572 tons. We also had the privilege of constructing the "Manchester Pioneer" and the "Manchester Explorer" for Manchester Liners, Ltd. These ships were specially designed and built for initiating a new service between Manchester and the Great Lakes, and were, in fact, the first British ships regularly to be employed between the United Kingdom and the ports of the Great Lakes.

Apart from merchant work we were also busily engaged on a number of contracts for the Royal Navy, and I am pleased to report that steady progress has been made on the fitting-out of H.M.S. "Ark Royal."

Our Ship Repairing Department has again been fully occupied, and repairs and refits were carried out on some 112 ships for both merchant owners and the Royal Navy.

We were very pleased to be associated with the atomic experiment in the Monte Bello Islands, since the aircraft carrier "Campania" and the tank-landing ship "Narvik" were fitted out by us to enable them to take part in the operation. We understand that both vessels gave a good account of themselves.

Our greatest difficulty in 1952 was the acute shortage of steel and the fact that steel deliveries were at times out of sequence with the work we had on hand. In addition to this we were also handicapped by a deficiency of skilled engineering personnel which has been common to most industrial undertakings in the past eighteen months. These difficulties had a retarding effect on our production which we hope will be remedied.

THE OUTLOOK

As far as the future is concerned, we have orders on hand which should keep us busy for some time to come, and many of you will no doubt have read in the Press in recent months that your company has been entrusted by the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, Ltd., with an order to build a tanker with a gas turbine machinery installation. This, in all probability, will be the world's first merchant ship to be propelled exclusively by this type of machinery.

I have referred also to the possibility that difficulties lie ahead. Competition from abroad, both here in Europe and in Japan, is growing fast. Freight rates have fallen sharply, and as they fall the readiness of shipowners to commit themselves to building contracts diminishes. Already new orders are scarce. In the face of these facts, it is your Board's duty, both to the nation, to the stockholders and to the workpeople, to ensure as far as lies in its power that costs are kept down to the absolute minimum. I very much hope that the trade unions and those responsible for the present demands for further wage increases will reconsider them in the light of this overriding duty.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The retiring directors, Mr. J. H. Bromfield, J.P., Mr. P. B. Hunter and Mr. C. L. Mason, M.I.M.E., were re-elected.

The remuneration of the auditors, Messrs. Cooper Brothers and Co., was fixed, and, the other business of the meeting having been transacted, the proceedings terminated.

Automatic Telephone & Electric Co.

The annual general meeting of the Automatic Telephone & Electric Co., Ltd., will be held on June 19 in London.

The following is an extract from the statement circulated by the Chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E.:

The profit of the Parent Company at £850,570 shows a reduction of £321,411 compared with 1951. Although the volume of our sales and production was even higher than 1951 the profit on our trading operations was reduced by rising costs and more intensive competition abroad. On the whole we consider that the trading results of the year are satisfactory.

Dividends at the same rate as last year are proposed. The consolidated profit of the Group amounts to £1,137,917 against £1,545,399. Consolidated reserves total £4,776,036.

During the past year production was maintained at a high level. We have a good order book, but increasing intense competition from foreign manufacturers in the export field will call for greater effort and reduced costs on the part of industry in this country if it is to maintain its position in world markets.

Intimations of Immorality from Recollections of Earlier Authors. (Douglas Hawson).

GHOSTS (NOEL COWARD)

Past Imperfect (J. R. Till).
Past Indelicate (Eric Swainson).
This Unhappy Breeding (Allan M. Laing).
Harvest Home (Granville Garley).
The Maelstrom (H. A. C. Evans).
The Prodigal's Son *or* Relative Cases (Paul Potter).

MIDDLEMARCH (CHARLES READE)

Out of her Province (Eric Swainson).
Choose Your Own Hero (Edgar Caton).
Marry in Haste and Repent at Leisure (Granville Garley).

ERIC OR LITTLE BY LITTLE (ANGUS WILSON)

The Untouchable (Eric Swainson).
Much Too Much (H. A. C. Evans).
Growing Pains (R. M. Pointon).
Worm in the Bud (Paul Potter).
With a Strange Device (S. Dick).

MANSFIELD PARK (ROSAMUND LEHMANN)

A Hidden Strength (Apple Tree).
(*. . . a hidden strength,*
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own :
'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity. Milton.)

THE COCKTAIL PARTY (CONGREVE)

We Are What We May Be (P. M.).
The Impertinent Physician (Charles Higham).
The Way of the Next World (Jim Parrott).
The Double Talkers (H. A. C. Evans).
Old Sins in a New Bottle (Paul Potter).
The Dissembled Diagnosis (Apple Tree).

MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT (HENRY GREEN)

Grasping (Granville Garley).
Seeming (Elaine Morgan).
Deserving (P. M.).
Trying (S. Dick).
Burying (J. R. Till).

DUSTY ANSWER (JANE AUSTEN)

Disappointment (Apple Tree).
Trials and Errors (P.M.).
Misunderstandings (R. M. Pointon).

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY (EVELYN WAUGH)

The Velvet Touch (R. M. Pointon).
Anglo-American Relations (Granville Garley).
Knickerbocker Glory (Rosemary Parker).
The Little Darling (Jim Parrott).

VILLETTE (HARDY)

In Search of the Master (Charles Higham).

TAMBURLAINE (SHAW)

The Plain Man's Guide to World Conquest (D. W. Barker).
Too Bad to be True (Roy Fuller).
Kings in Harness. An Archaeo-Political Tract (D. P. M. Michael).
The Bully of Bokhara: an exercise in the higher tosh (Allan M. Laing).
Death and the Dictator (Douglas Hawson).
The Cock of the East (S. Dick).

JANE EYRE (ALDOUS HUXLEY)

Excessive Bright (J. R. Till).
With What Another Heart (H. A. C. Evans).
Twin Compasses (Granville Garley).
Instead of Beauty's Bust (Apple Tree).
(*Give me, instead of beauty's bust,*
A tender heart, a loyal mind,
Which with temptation I could trust,
Yet never linked with error find. Darley.)

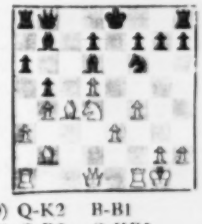
CHESS: Hazards of Deviationism

No. 192

The deviation we are concerned with occurred in a recent match game, C. G. Butcher-W. E. C. Richards. After the 10 move Broadbent asked his team-mate Butcher if he thought to have a win. Butcher was non-commital, but Richards explained that so far they had been following a game Spielmann-Marco which Black won. When he resigned twenty moves later, Richard's unanswerable argument was that either he had played much worse than Marco, or Butcher had played much better than Spielmann.

(1)	P-K4	P-K4	(16)	P-KR4	P-B3
(2)	P-Q4	PxP	(17)	Kt-B4	P-Q4
(3)	P-QB3	PxP	(18)	B-B5	Q-Q2
(4)	KtxP	P-Q3	(19)	P-Kt6	Kt-Q3
(5)	B-QB4	B-K3	(20)	Q-QR3	QR-Q1
(6)	BxB	PxB	(21)	PxP ch	KxP
(7)	Q-Kt3	Q-B1	(22)	P-K5	Kt(3)-B1
(8)	Kt-B3	Kt-QB3	(23)	Kt-R3	K-Kt1
(9)	Kt-KKt5	Kt-Q1	(24)	Kt-Kt5	R-B4
(10)	O-O	B-K2	(25)	RxR	PxR
(11)	P-B4	BxKt	(26)	Q-KKt3 !	P-QKt3
(12)	PxB	Kt-K2	(27)	P-Q6	Q-Kt2
(13)	B-K3	Kt-B2	(28)	Kt-B7	R-B1
(14)	R-QB1	P-QR3	(29)	B-Q4	P-Kt3
(15)	Kt-K2	O-O	(30)	Q-K5	resigns

My next chessbook token goes to K. Beaumont who, playing White in a recent Huddersfield v. Sheffield match, reached this position. Ignoring the attack on his B, he proceeded to let some sparks fly.



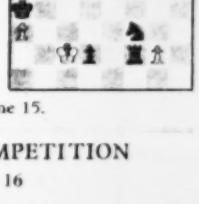
(18)	Kt-B5 !	PxB	(29)	Q-K2	B-B1
(19)	KtxP ch	K-B1	(30)	Q-R5	Q-KB2
(20)	BxKt	R-Kt1	(31)	KR-QB1	K-Q1
(21)	Kt-B5	R-Kt3	(32)	P-KR3	BxKt
(22)	Q-Q4	P-QR4	(33)	PxB	QxP
(23)	P-Kt5	P-R5	(34)	B-Kt5	QxBP
(24)	B-Kt7ch	K-K1	(35)	QxP	R-B1
(25)	B-R6	P-B3	(36)	R-K1	P-Q4
(26)	P-K4	Q-B2	(37)	R-K5	resigns
(27)	QxQBP !	B-B4 ch			
(28)	K-R1	P-Q3			

A: Basil Corcos 1953

Naturally, in each "Readers' Own" I am pleased to have my piece provided by the prowess of our own players: and I find it no less pleasing that, more and more, I can rely on the ingenuity of our own composers to provide most of the competition too. That is Division of Labour at its best. The 4-pointer for beginners comes from a contributor who is (most fittingly) employed in a British Intelligence H.Q. It is a neat if very easy little piece. White to win. Leslie Hale, undismayed by Parliamentary and other pre-occupations, has provided a sui-mate in 11, very pretty, but easy enough to be quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points. It was inspired, says the author, by Shinkman's brilliant sui-mate in the Easter number. As for **C**—White to win—I have ventured outside our own circle. This is a truly ingenious endgame study, but not too difficult and hardly underrated with 7 points.

B: Leslie Hale 1953

C: A. O. Herbstmann 1929



Usual prizes. Entries by June 15.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set May 16

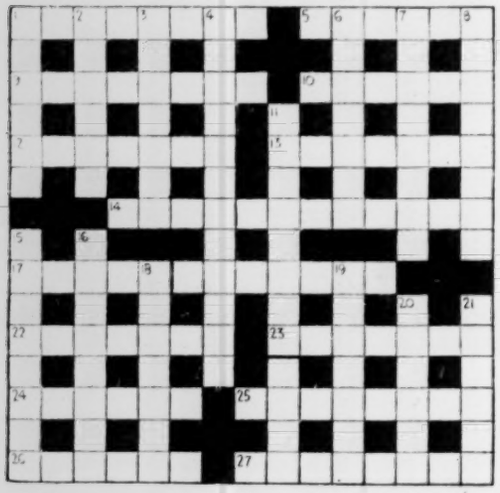
A: *Key*: Q-B5 ch.
B: (1) P-QB7, B-B4, (2) P x P R-K8, (3) R-R6 ch, K-Kt2, (4) R-K6 ! etc.
If (1) . . . R-QB8, (2) P x P, B-Kt4, (3) R-R6 ch, K any (4) R-QB6 ! etc.
C: (1) P-Kt3 ch, K-Kt6, (2) P-R7, Q-KR8 ch, (3) K-Kt6, P-B4, (4) P-K4 !, Q-QR8, (5) P-K5 !, Q-KR8, (6) P x P, Q-QB8, (7) P-Q7, etc.

Many competitors stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by F. R. Oliver, A. J. Roycroft, C. Sandberg, A. Schneider. Flawless solutions also from C. Allen, K. Beaumont, D. E. Cohen. *Londoners' 7th majority move O-O. Non-Londoner's 8th due by June 10.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 51

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 51, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 16th June.



ACROSS

1. The rich baronet has nothing but shorts (8).
5. Hopes change about a hundred ages (6).
9. Grove where the Radferns lived (8).
10. There is apparently no room about the hotel for a bird (6).
12. Displaying graceful form and neat leg (7).
13. I take in manure (7).
14. Star turn has nothing reasonable to do with telling fortunes (12).
17. Light artillery? (5, 7).
22. Hostile foreigner caught with the intervention of military intelligence (7).
23. Kind of science the United Nations back to remove obstructions (7).
24. A fellow is a handsome hero (6).
25. The corruption of the depraved spread to all parts (8).
26. The schemer generally has to come out of hiding (6).
27. Cut off with a peculiar end (8).

DOWN

1. Farmer and B.B.C. man (6).
2. Natural binder (6).
3. Looks again at the back notices (7).
4. The progress of an adder is retrogressive (12).
6. Members' matchmaking? (7).
7. "His two chamberlains will I with wine and wassail so ——" (8).
8. Poets take their place above a novelist (8).
11. Needed to reveal the cupboard's shameful contents? (8, 4)
15. An interruption because the cups are upset over the sheet (8).
16. The poet may be about to turn over as a novelist (8).
18. Indicative of hesitation or ceaseless activity (7).
19. Get back about a hundred and six deliveries (7).
20. Make one's way on like a tenor (6).
21. Mayor (6).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 19

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 49

M. Scarisbrick (Seaford), Miss C. J. Macgregor (Aberystwyth), K. M. Blenkinsopp (Stratford St. Mary).

PERSONAL

TEACHER, Italian, qualified nurse, wants any respectable work in London for July, Aug. & Sept.: to learn English. Write: Jolanda Giobbio, Rovellasca, Como, Italy.

OXFORD Graduate, 23, linguist, expd. Continental driver, seeks job, guide, interpreter, etc. Free July-Oct. Box 9589.

INDO-Chinese girl (grad. Science, educ., Geneva University) wishes stay with progressive family Aug.-Jan. Offers £10 monthly, 2 hours housework dly. Gd. refs. Box 9587.

SEATS in car going to Switzerland, North Italy July 4, returning 18th. Cost £6 per seat each way, including steamer. Write Cook, 140 Coulsdon Road, Surrey.

PARIS. Lecturer in Art taking party. Visiting galleries, museums, churches. Aug. 16-26. Few vacancies. PRI. 9468.

COUNTRY Sea holiday with family wanted for Grammar Schoolgirl (12) from July 25. Box 9538.

GIRL, student (18), seeks post, mid-July-October. Abroad preferred. Box 9662.

HOLIDAY Home for children offered in country house for duration of school holidays. Write: Mrs. Payne, Pentre Uchaf, Nr. Llanymynech, Salop.

EXCLUSIVE London Bookshop for Sale owing to ill-health. Price, including Lease, Furniture, Fixtures and Fittings, Stock and Goodwill, £5,000. Box 9628.

MATE (m) reqd. car trip Copenhagen July by 26 y.o. bach. 1 way/both. Box 9627.

GIRL (23) seeks opportunity to travel abroad, accompanying family in a secretarial position and/or looking after children, etc. Box 9611.

2 Young men, ex-N.Serv., start July trip round world hard way, would appreciate suggestions, or offers of temp. employment in any part of the world. Box 9522.

SECRETARY: aspiring writer, artistic; wants absorbing interest/work/collaboration. London near. Please write Box 9525.

STUD (f., 21, sks. sim. for h. hike Europe pref. Sweden July-Sept. Box 9517.

2 Responsible young men (35), impeccable refs., penniless, seek holiday, pref. abroad. Experienced drivers/cook. Will weak, but will work. Box 9527.

A YOUNG person having international following required to organise regular evening dances and socials at a popular West End Club on very generous terms. Write Box 588, Rays, Cecil Court, W.C.2.

JOIN a Sun Club. Swimming, Badminton etc., and good company. British Sun Bathing Association pamphlets giving details of services provided 5/-. Year Book with Club Directory 2/-. 3d. post free. Dept. N.S.N., 180 Green Lanes, London, N.4.

FINHAUT, most beautiful Swiss village near Mont Blanc. Ideal quiet holiday. Hotels from 20/- to 25/- daily inclusive. British representative: C. Rackett, Bonhams, Yapton, Sussex. Telephone 256.

CAP d'Antibes: Holidays in private villa by the sea. French cuisine. Box 9686.

SPAIN: Lady, fluent Spanish, driver, seeks car seat Aug. 28-Sept. 19. Box 9698.

PSYCHOLOGIST, Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

SUMMER house party for boys & girls, 7-16: Somerset coast. We specialise in this kind of holiday. Ill. brochure: Junior Holiday Club, 34 Clarges St., W.1. GRO. 5093.

PERSONAL—continued

COMPLETE set "Library Shakespeare" with original drawings by Sir John Gilbert, Cruikshank and R. Dudley. Offers? Telephone NOR. 1610.

GIPSY Caravan. Charming. Fully furnished. 2 berths, towing bar. Elsan hut. £100 or nearest. Box 9705.

SUNNY days in Yugoslavia. Join one of our Jugoslav parties leaving London on June 20, August 1, 15 and 29. Full details from Erna Low Travel Service, 47 Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

MOUNTAINEERING. We are organising a series of Climbing Schools in the Austrian Tyrol. One week spent in training and practice climbs, based on Taschachhaus, 7,980ft., in Oetztal Alps; second week climbing tour, Wildspitze, Weisskugel, Hochvernatspitze, etc. Our programme also contains details of walking tour and mountain centre holidays in all parts of the Alps, Lapland, Pyrenees, Yugoslavia, etc., etc. Write for programme to: Ramblers' Association Services, 48a Park Road, London, N.W.1.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS23), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

SPAIN. Sitges, Tossa, 15 days unherded tho' escorted. Small mixed informal party. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

YOUR last chance to join one of our parties. Paris 8 days £11 19s. 6d. Also Brussels, Switzerland, Italy. Details: Hilgrove, 7 Bourne St., London, S.W.1.

ROMAN Wall. For coach tours of Hadrian's Wall and the Border Country, apply to long-established local specialists. Quotations from Sowerbys Tours, Limited, Gilsland, Carlisle.

WHERE to Stay. A 64-page Directory of Inns and Guest Houses is issued free to members of the Ramblers' Association: also Ramblers' News, Information Leaflets, Advice on Tours and, for a small charge, loan of maps. Minimum Subscription 5s. Ramblers' Association, 48a Park Road, London, N.W.1.

GERMAN, French, Italian for Continental travels. German coaching for exams. or (scient.) translations offered by qualified Austrian lady against hospitality July or August. Box 9652.

LITERARY research undertaken on any subject. London Press credentials. Moderate fees. Box 9650.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

A CROWNING Success for every photographer who uses Ferrania film. It guarantees pictures fit for a queen.

HOLIDAYS in various parts of France on exchange of hospitality basis, for children and single young people. Hospitality in England, July 16-August 6; in France, August 6-27, 1953, £12 only, incl. return fare as far as Paris. Dets.: Robertson's E.T.S., 61 Fellows Rd., N.W.3. PRI. 1370; and 207 Boulevard Raspail, Paris.

PROFESSOR'S Secretary studying pianoforte wishes supplement income with secretarial work; typing manuscripts, bookkeeping, etc., at home or S.W. area. Sec., 21 Denmark Avenue, S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

PERSONAL—continued

THE Union of Modern Free Churchmen welcomes to membership all Christian people who are not afraid of new knowledge or free discussion: write The Secretary, 135 Hemdean Rd., Caversham, Reading.

PICTURE bargains for collectors: £1-£10: by Benois, Bone, Brangwyn, Dulac, Dunlop, Etty, Mark Fisher, Innes, Gwen John, Laura Knight, Wyndham Lewis, Nevinson, Orpen, Pitchforth, Ricketts, Shannon, Sickert, Spurrier, Suddaby, Topolski, Ethelbert White. Box 9503.

PORTRAITS by a good painter. 12gns. (unframed). 3 sittings. Box 9472.

A LOW-cost visit to Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome for art-lovers, students, teachers & others of moderate means. Departing Aug. 7 & 30. 15 days 31gns. Details (s.a.e. please) from E.T. Assoc., c/o World University Service, 59 Gloucester Pl., London, W.1.

CHILDREN'S Holiday, 8-16. "Junior Holidays (1953)" at Bognor Regis 150 yds. from front. Activities supervised by intelligent staff. Numbers limited to 120. July 31, 5 wks. Brochure: Sec., 8 Henrietta Pl., W.1. LAN. 2959.

VIOLIN tuition by Joseph Segal (Flesch-Busch method) 3 Wycombe Gdns., N.W.11.

TUITION Piano, Aural, Theory. Beginners to advanced. Cent. London. Box 9639.

FIRST-class piano teacher Professor of the Vienna Academy accepts beginners and advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea. Country. Every care. Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547.

ABLE Boys: sailing on the Norfolk Broads for boys 12-16 (newcomers 12-14), living aboard. Able Crews: the same, for girls and boys. Waterboys: canoeing and swimming camp for boys 10-14, beside the upper Thames. Booklets from R. R. Skemp, 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

A FEW vacancies, chiefly for gentlemen, in Swiss & Austrian tours. Air travel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

GENOA, Florence, Venice, Innsbruck, Paris. A leisurely small party tour for the lover of beauty. 1st deps. June 7 and 28. 15 days, 49gns. Mr. North, c/o Allways, 17 Sicilian Avenue. London, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

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PERSONAL—continued

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HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts—very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5-6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

COME and spend your holiday in the heart of the Wye Valley. Comfortable accommodation. Moderate terms. Write George, Cartref, Glasbury-on-Wye, Hereford.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Lovely garden & beautiful scenery. Sea warm. Centre King Arthur Country. Jersey milk and cream. Open all the year. Golf St. Enodoc. Salmon, trout in season. For Polzeath (surf-bathing), Port Quin, Lundy Bay, Port Gaverne, Sailing Padstow. Excel. cuisine & all personal comforts guaranteed. Book now. Adults from 9gns. Manageress, Mrs. Accles. Port Isaac 234.

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STEANBRIDGE. Quiet guest house in lovely Cotswold valley welcomes people of all nationalities; unspoilt country; home-grown produce; breakfast in bed (optional). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. (Tel.: Painswick 2312.)

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LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses —the Bide-a-While Book. 3s. 6d., postage 2d. from N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Enjoy a quiet holiday in lovely country. Own produce. Spacious grounds. Comfy beds. Bus to Eastbourne. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel: Horeham Rd. 32.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome enquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children. Vacancies for two boarders under nine.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Moral and Political Philosophy. The salary will be within the range of £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at 1/5/53, £247 males and £187 females), with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Applications, supported by copies of testimonials and giving the names of three referees should be forwarded to reach the undersigned not later than June 27, 1953. In addition, overseas candidates are requested to forward a copy of the application to the Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further information may be obtained. W. H. Maze, Registrar.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Spanish Language and Literature. The Council invites applications for an Assistant Lectureship in the Department of Spanish Language and Literature at a salary on the scale £500-£25-£550. Applications (three copies) stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 20.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the posts of Resident Organising Tutor in the following areas: South Staffordshire (Dudley and District); South Staffordshire (Walsall and District); South Shropshire. Salaries in Grade III (£450-£550) or Grade II (£550-£1,100), together with F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances. The initial salary in Grade II according to qualifications and experience but not exceeding £750. Applicants may offer any of the subjects normally taught in Extra-Mural work, but there are at present special opportunities in the following subjects: Archæology, English and Foreign Literature, Social Studies, Industrial Relations, American Studies, and Geology. Applications should be sent before June 15 to the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Applications are invited for the post of Staff Tutor in Economics, salary in Grade II (£550-£1,100), together with F.S.S.U. and Family Allowances. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience but not exceeding £750. Applications should be sent before June 15 to the Director of Extra-Mural Studies, University, Edmund Street, Birmingham, 3, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

UNIVERSITY of Durham, King's College, and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle upon Tyne. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for two vacancies for trainee Psychiatric Social Workers in this department, which consists of a central teaching hospital clinic and a number of associated centres for special branches of the subject. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Post-graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate and will be expected to work under the supervision of the Psychiatric Social Workers. Appointments will be for a period of one year from October 1st, 1953, it being anticipated that the trainees will later take a mental health course or other specialised training. Salary £350 per annum. Twelve copies of application which should include the names of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be sent not later than June 22, 1953, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

UNIVERSITY College, Exeter. Applications are invited for a Temporary Post in the English Department (one academic year from October 1, 1953). The successful applicant will be required to teach Old Norse, Anglo-Saxon and the History of the English Language. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications with two recent testimonials to be addressed to the Registrar. Closing date June 13.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in the Mental Health Course. Candidates should be qualified psychiatric social workers and preferably graduates. Salary scale £500–£50–£600 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. The appointment will date from October 1, 1953. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be forwarded not later than June 28, 1953, to the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton St., Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Naval College, Greenwich. Lecturer in History and English Department. Applications are invited for this temporary appointment at Royal Naval College, Greenwich, London, S.E.10, to commence duties in September, 1953. The post is open to men only who must have a 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degree in one or more of the following subjects: History, English, Economics, Geography, Modern Greats. Their principal interest should lie in the affairs of the Modern World. An interest in e.g. Art, Music, Drama is also desirable. Appointment will be as Junior Lecturer (Salary £400 to £650) or as Senior Lecturer (£750 to £950), according to age, qualifications and experience. A pay addition (approximately 10% of the first £500 of salary and 5% of the balance) will also be allowable. In certain circumstances a starting salary above the minimum may be authorised. Applicants must be British subjects. Letters of application accompanied by names of three referees and a statement of previous experience should be sent as soon as possible to Director of Studies, Royal Naval College, Greenwich, S.E.10, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Closing date for applications is June 19, 1953.

B.B.C. requires Air Correspondent with ability to prepare at short notice concise and non-technical reports for news bulletins and to broadcast own scripts in form of news talks. Applicants should be fully trained journalists with specialist knowledge of and keen interest in aeronautical affairs and developments, and ready and medically fit for flying duties, if necessary outside the U.K. Salary £1,125 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with five annual increments to maximum £1,480 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "A.C.N.Stm." within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

INTERNATIONAL Wool Secretariat. Graduates, male, 25-35, preferably with qualifications in English, History or Geography, are invited to apply for appointment as Assistant to the Director of Education. Some teaching experience in U.K. schools and experience in educational administration desirable; also experience of proof reading and organising displays and lecture courses. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Superannuation benefits. Applications, giving fullest details and accompanied by copies of testimonials should be sent, marked Confidential A.E., to The Secretary, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

GREECE. Qualified Nursery Teacher, aged 28-45, with experience in handling students, required for September to act as deputy head for new Nursery Training College in Janninà. Salary according to Burnham Scale, less £145 to cover board and lodging. Two-year initial contract. Applic. forms from Save the Children Fund, 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, to be returned before June 15.

NATIONAL Institute for the Blind. Qualified teachers with Nursery/Infant School experience required September. Sunshine House residential Nursery Schools for blind children: (1) Leamington Spa (retarded children 2½ to 5 years); (2) Kingswinford, Staffs (children 4+ to 7 years). Salary Burnham Scale (Special Schools) with additional increment; appointments non-residential. Particulars and application form from Secretary-General, National Institute for the Blind, 224-6-8, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

CITY of Bath Education Committee. Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wiltshire. Principal: Clifford Ellis. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Warden at Monks Park (hostel for 80 women students) to commence September 1, 1953. Salary £200 × £10–£250 with residence. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal, Bath Academy of Art, Corsham Court, Wilts. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Education Department, Guildhall, Bath.

MASSON Hall—University of Edinburgh. The Committee of Management of Masson Hall (a hostel for 57 women students) invite applications for the post of Sub-Warden beginning October 1, 1953. Applicants should be graduates with secretarial qualifications. Age 25-35. Applications, with copies of three recent testimonials and names and addresses of two referees, should be sent to the Warden, Masson Hall, 31 George Square, Edinburgh 8, from whom further details may be obtained, by June 20, or within one week of appearance of this advertisement.

TUBERCULOSIS. Person possessing Certificate of Institute of Hospital Almoners or Social Science Certificate of a recognised school of sociology and having practical experience in social work is required by London County Council Public Health Department as temporary local tuberculosis care organiser at the Lewisham Chest Clinic. Duties include social and secretarial work for local tuberculosis committee. Salary, £480 × £30–£600. Particulars on application form (for return by June 27) from the Divisional Medical Officer, Health Offices, 29 Peckham Road, S.E.5 (533).

SAFFRON WALDEN C.L.P. Applics. invited for post of full-time Secretary/Agent. Salary and conditions in accordance with National Agreement. Applic. forms from F. E. Elliott, C.C., White House, Sible Hedingham, Essex, to whom they must be returned not later than June 27.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Branch of the Foreign Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for three posts in Grade 7/8 (First/Second Secretary) of the Senior Branch of the Foreign Service. Age at least 30 and under 43 on August 1, 1953. University graduates, and other candidates of good education will be considered. Sound knowledge of international problems required and experience of administrative or other responsible work. A competent knowledge of at least one foreign language is necessary. Though the posts are not specialist, there is need of candidates knowing Slavonic or Oriental languages. There may be an oral language test. Salary scale: Grade 7 £1,075—by nine increments to £1,459 (men); £949—by eight increments to £1,280 (women). Grade 8, £670—by five increments to £812 (men); £628 by three increments to £707 (women) with cost of living allowances at overseas posts. Particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4217/53; application forms to be returned by July 15, 1953.

PSYCHOLOGISTS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for about six permanent posts of Psychologists in Admiralty, Air Ministry, Civil Service Commission and Prison Commission. There is also one vacancy for a Senior Psychologist in the Air Ministry, and may be one in the Prison Commission. All vacancies, except in Civil Service Commission, for men only. There may be other vacancies later. Age for Senior Psychologist at least 31 on May 1, 1953; for Psychologist at least 21 and under 31 on May 1, 1953, with extension for Regular Forces service. Salary scales (London): Psychologist: £429 rising to £970 (men), £865 (women); entering salary according to age, e.g., £456 at 22, £628 at 25, £760 (men) or £733 (women) at 30 or over. Senior Psychologist: £865-£1,152 (men). Prospects of promotion. Particulars (including the qualifications prescribed) and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 75/53. Application forms to be returned by June 25, 1953.

MINISTRY of Supply requires Technical Authors at Chessington, Malvern, Farnborough, to prepare instructional publications for Services on all aspects of ground/airborne centimetric radar or radio communications equipment. Qualifications: British of British parents. Recognised eng. apprenticeship and Eng. or Physics degree, A.M.I.C.E., Mech.E. or Elec.E. or exempting qualns.; alternatively wide experience in responsible tech. position, preferably holding H.N.C. or equivalent would be considered. Appropriate experience, either research and development in industry or operation and servicing in Services essential. Experience in writing, editing tech. publications advantageous. Salary within £592-£949 according to age, qualns., location. Not established but opportunities to compete for establishment may arise. Application forms from M.L.N.S., Technical and Scientific Register (K), 26 King St., London, S.W.1, quoting D 198/53A.

HUNTINGDON Grammar School. A mistress to take charge of the English syllabus, and also to occupy the post of Senior Mistress in this mixed day School (c. 370 pupils) is required from September 1. Applications are invited without delay from well-qualified graduates interested in co-education; and should be sent direct to the Headmaster.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required immediately. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary £470 (at age 27) rising to £560 per annum, plus London Weighting. Write giving details of age, experience, qualifications and names of three referees to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital, Southall, Middlesex. Closing date 10 days after appearance of this advertisement.

SOCIAL Caseworker (woman) wanted as Assistant Secretary. Social Science Certificate or equivalent. Experience in training students. Interested in old people's welfare and general administration. Salary approximately £550 according to experience. Applications in writing with full details and two testimonials to: General Secretary, Liverpool Personal Service Society (Inc.), 34 Stanley Street, Liverpool, 1.

IMPORTANT firm of Import-Export merchants established in the Middle East invites applications from single men aged 20/25 interested in training for responsible positions in the overseas branches. Candidates should be of good education with a real interest in commerce, and must be prepared to spend the greater part of their time in the East. Selected candidates will work initially in London, on probation. Write, with full particulars, to Box 9593.

THE International Sociological Association requires an administrative secretary to take up duties in London in September. Applicants should be graduates in Sociology and have held a responsible secretarial post. Knowledge of one or more foreign languages desirable. Salary £500 a year. Applications, with full details of degree and career, and three references, should be sent to the Executive Secretary, International Sociological Association, 13 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1, by June 22.

N.U.R. req. female clerk aged 21-30. Perm. Superann. Kndge. Pitmans, typing. Applic. forms: Gen. Sec., N.U.R., Room 15, Unity House, 195-203 Euston Rd., N.W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL Scottish Museum: Assistant Keeper (2nd Class). The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post in the Department of Natural History. Duties include identification and registration of specimens, preparation of labels and arrangement and supervision of collections. Age at least 22 and under 26 on January 1, 1953, with extension for exceptional qualifications, or for service in H.M. Forces or established civil service. Candidates must possess a good honours degree in Zoology. Inclusive salary scales: £429 rising to £639 (men) £533 (women). Starting pay may be increased for compulsory service in H.M. Forces or approved post-graduate experience. Promotion prospects. Full information and application forms from Director Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, 1. Application forms to be returned by July 4, 1953.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Ashhurst House, Shillingford, Oxon. Applications are invited for the post of Warden (Female or Male) or Married Couple, with husband employed as independent work, or Couple requiring joint employment, at above Home, which accommodates 18 children 4-16 years. Training in child care or in child education or experience in any other form of social work will be an advantage. Accommodation for a married couple of which the husband has independent work would be given on condition that the husband was prepared to assist in evenings and week-ends as repayment for board and lodging. Single appointment for either sex: Salary £294 by £15 to £399. Value of emoluments £83 8s. Joint appointment would be in accordance with National Joint Council Scales. All appointments are superannuable and subject to a satisfactory medical examination including an X-ray of the chest. Forms of application may be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Rd., Oxford, and should be returned as soon as possible.—Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

ORGANISER reqd. for 5 months from August 1 for German Students Harvest Scheme; to be resp. for welfare, educational and travel arrangements for 750 students. Admin. exp. and knowledge German necessary. Office in London. Applics.: Box 9606.

ASSISTANT Matron wanted for September by co-educational boarding school. Apply by letter to The Principal, Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset.

ASSISTANT Cook wanted at Red Hill School, East Sutton, Nr. Maidstone, for highly gifted maladjusted boys. Would be expected to enter into social life at school. Adequate kitchen assistance. J.I.C. Scales.

MANAGERESS wanted to build up & take charge of existing bookshop—good style books. Country district. Box 9649.

TOWN and Country Planning Association requires junior assistant (girl) wishing to train for editorial and public relations work. Shorthand essential. Apply Chairman, T.C.P.A., 28 King Street, W.C.2.

SECRETARY required by small firm Lincoln's Inn Solicitors who wishes to take interest in work and can do simple conveyancing under supervision. Good salary and holidays. Write stating experience, age and salary required to Box No. 6905 c/o Whites Ltd., 72 Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

SECRETARY, part-time, reqd. Knowledge French & German. West End. Box 9612.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires male assistant for book department, mainly mail-order; some experience preferred. Salary about £6 10s. per week. Apply in writing only to Manager, Book Dept., 3, Endsleigh St., W.C.1.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5192.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting: duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

WRITER wants mother's help from July 4-yr.-old boy. 3hr. London. Box 9587.

MOTHER having operation urgently needs educated woman to take complete charge home and small Nursery Group (Morning). Might suit retired Froebel mistress with own child, but must be experienced housewife. Box 9518.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG executive (29), Matric., F/Lt. R.A.F.V.R. Pilot, ex-Transport Manager, weary of Commercial Giant, seeks more informal job where ambition, hard work and organising experience will command sufficient reward to support wife, family, car and writing aspirations. Box 9459.

EXPERIENCED male shorthand-typist seks. eve./wk.-end employment. Box 9412.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765 MOU. 1701.

STUDENTSHIP

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Research Studentships. The College proposes to award a Post-Graduate Studentship in the Faculty of Arts for full-time research in Arts, Commerce, Economics or Law. The value of the award is £250 for one academic year, renewable for a second year. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, to whom applications should be sent not later than June 10, 1953. C. Meggitt, Registrar.

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ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

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A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., 'phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15s. daily.

A HOME at Heritage, 47 Leinster Gdns., Hyde Park, W.2. Perfect divan sitting-rms. Quiet, spotless comfort. Good bkfst. Sgls. 3-4*gns*. Dbls. 5-7*gns*. Vacs. PAD. 0368.

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VACANT now, well-furnished ground-floor flat, Kilburn, suitable for 3 professional ladies, £5 5s. BAY. 5916.

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S/C. furn. flat, Wimbledon Hill. Sitting room, double bedroom, kitchen, bathroom. h.w., W.C. 4½*gns*. Box 9564.

FINEST situation in Dorset. Isolated on downs but sheltered. Ideal for writer or artist. Good house, 3 sit., 4 bed., 2 bath-rms., Aga, own e.l. and water. Rent £175 p.a. Box 9663.

BETWEEN Looe & Polperro. To let June-July only. Furnished bungalow, 3 bedrooms, bath, modern conveniences, lounge, dining-room, kitchen. Also cottage similar accommodation. 4 mins. safe secluded beach. Blackhurst, Porthallow, Looe, Cornwall.

IN Elizabethan barn, 3 rooms to let sparsely furnished. £60 yearly or equivalent casual gardening. 29 miles London. Remote country, Kent. On bus route. Elec. Elsan. Suitable artist, writer, etc. Box 9622.

PROF. man reqs. furn. bed-sit. room with breakfast, S. London. Box 9285.

MAN reqs. furn. room London with facilities practise bassoon. Box 9571.

YOUNG journalist working on woman's magazine, seeks furn. or unfurn. accom., reasonable reach Fleet Street. Box 9576.

ENGLISHMAN (psychologist), returning from year abroad, seeks flat or share of flat, London. Box 9608.

SURGEON'S family, 2 adults, 3 children, want simple farm accom. near Yorkshire coast, last 3 weeks July. Box 9613.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

W.2. Mews flat, 3 rooms, kit., bath. Garage 4-6 cars. 7 years' lease. G.R. £100. R.V. £86. £1,000, incl. curtains, carpets, 'frig. AMB. 5601.

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SUFFOLK. Charming small detached cottage, 9 miles Colchester. 2 rec., 3 bed., bath., w.c. Main water, elec., tel., garage. ¼ acre nice garden. £1,525. Box 9584.

CAMBRIDGE 3 m. cott. 4 rms., kit., bath, gdn., main water, elec. £950. F'hold. Bardwell, 7 Weech Rd., N.W.6. HAM. 2551.

UNIQUE Regency Gothic Group including Nationally Protected landmark in Kentish Parkland, 1 hr. from London, is being converted by Festival Architect into dwellings with contemporary interiors. Fully equipped and centrally heated, four dwellings still available. Also 3 building sites. Box 9375.

GUEST House for sale, S. Coast. Beautiful position; 9 bedrooms, etc., perfect condition; garden, chalets, garage. £4,650 Freehold. Substantial mortgage available. Absolute bargain. Box 8690.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16*s*. 3*d*. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. June issue now ready. Of all booksellers, 3*s*. net (30*s*. p.a.).

"VEDANTA for East & West" (bi-monthly). Editorial advisers: Dr. Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Mr. Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S., & Sir John Stewart-Wallace. Ed.: Swami Ghanananda. Ann. sub. 15*s*. Write Rk. Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Avenue, N.10.

"ARBITER"—Spring issue (No. 2) now ready. Includes Neville Braybrooke on "The World, The Flesh, and Francois Mauriac," Peter Horsfield on "Croce's Æsthetic Theory," translations of Lorca by Roy Campbell and of Castiglione by George Bull, poems by Donald Hall, Elizabeth Jennings, Jeremy Brooks, etc., review of reviews, short stories, etc. 44 pp. 1*s*. 6*d*. from Jeremy Mitchell, 176 Goldhurst Terrace, N.W.6.

STILL breaking all records. You must get Jean Paul Sartre's "Intimacy." Punch says: "leaves Lady Chatterly's Lover at the post." From Bernard Hanison, Ltd., 11 Monmouth St., London, W.C.2. 12*s*. post free.

AT last Maude Hutchin's "Diary of Love" has appeared. Maude Hutchin's great artistry, original writing, frankness of expression are at their heights in this amazing novel. Just out, 12*s*. post free fr. Bernard Hanison, Ltd., 11 Monmouth St., London, W.C.2.

BOOKS on Socialism, U.S.S.R., &c. wanted. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

"HEALTH'S Daily Minute" by Ronald Hall, C.B.E., containing one minute's daily exercises that have prevented author having one day in bed in last six years, although sixty. Price three 2½*d*. stamps post free. Box 9196.

NEW Guide Books are expensive. I have a collection of pre-war Ward Locks, etc., at about 2*s*. 6*d*. each. Please send P.C. for List. Gunyon, Bookseller, Old Vicarage, Boley Hill, Rochester, Kent.

THE Temple Fortune Bookshop specialises in Maps and Guides. But we have a nice selection of books to interest the collector, the gardener, and the lover of good food. Please come and see for yourself. Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Rd., S.W.3.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47*s*. 6*d*.; Life (Int.), 57*s*. 6*d*.; Popular Mechanics, 32*s*.; Popular Photography, 36*s*.; Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS! Thousands available; lists, stamp; state interest. Stebbings, 28 (NS) Dean Road, London, N.W.2.

NIMRODS. The Only Book Hunters solely engaged in tracing Out-of-print & Scarce Books. Send your "wants" list to Nimrods, 3 Litchfield St., Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2.

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MISCELLANEOUS

CONTEMPORARY Pottery by Bernard Leach, Michael Cardew, Harry Davis, Raymond Finch, Nancy Homer, and many others can be purchased when in Cornwall. Godfrey May, Padstow.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evs. 7.30. Sats. 6 & 8.30. Theatre Workshop. "Anna Christie." Eugene O'Neill.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1 (near Islington Town Hall). Last production this Season. Tavistock Rep. in Bridie's delightful "Tobias and the Angel." 7.30 Fridays, Sats. June 12, 13, 19 & 20. Conducted tours of the historic buildings at 7 p.m. and after the show. Seats 2s., 3s. 6d. & 5s. bookable. CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS Tem. 3334. Last 2 days at 5 & 8. "Second Best Bed." Mems. 5s. yrly.

UNITY (Eus. 5391). Sean O'Casey's Comedies, "Three in a Row." Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Nightly 10.30 (Sun. 9.30). Coronation Cabaret. Mems. 5s.

I.C.A. in conjunction with Group Theatre: Play Reading, Sun., June 14, 8.15, French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.1. "A Parliament of Women," by Herbert Read, prod. by Robert Speaight. Cast includes Vivienne Bennett, David King-Wood, Yvonne Coulette & Robert Speaight. Seats to be booked in advance I.C.A. Gallery, mems. 3s., guests 4s. 6d.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 7: "Jour de Fête" (U). From June 8: Pierre Fresnay in "Monsieur Vincent" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 7, 7.30. "Olivia" (X) French.

ILFORD New Era Film Society (VAL. 8406). Tues., June 9, 8 p.m. Girls' High School, Gaut's Hall. Scientific Film Show. 2s. (students 1s.).

CARIBBEAN Labour Congress Summer Ball, Saturday, June 6, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. (Tube Russell Square.) Ladies 3s. 6d., Gents 4s. 6d. Ivor Hunt and his Sextet. West Indian Rhythm King.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League (C.L.B.) Coronation Dance, Sat., June 6, 7.30-11.30. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s. pre-day, 4s. 6d. on day.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room, Sun., June 7, at 7.45 p.m. Martin String Quartet. Mozart prog. of Quartets in G (K.387), F (K.590) and E flat (K.428). WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room, Thurs., June 11, 8.15. Basil Lam Sonata Ensemble. Concert English Chamber Music incl. Sonatas by Purcell, Handel. WAT. 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, June 14, at 3 p.m. London Baroque Ensemble. Karl Haas, Marta Eitler (Violin). Light Music of the Viennese Classics, Haydn, Mozart, Schubert, Beethoven. WATerloo 3191.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Sunday, June 21, at 3 p.m. Griller Quartet, 25th Anniversary Concert. Works by Haydn, Bloch, Mozart. WATerloo 3191.

"A DAY in a Rumanian Village." Gramophone Recital by A. L. Lloyd, the well-known folklorist. Sunday, June 14, at 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. (opp. British Museum) at 7.30. Adm. free. Refreshments. British Rumanian Friendship Association.

EXHIBITIONS

EPSTEIN, Augustus John, Pignon, Leger, Stanley Spencer, Reg Butler, etc. "In no other exhibition, anywhere, could one hope to see such a varied picture of contemporary culture" Bernard Denvir, Art Critic, Daily Herald. Artists for Peace, Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1. June 10-21. Daily inc. Sundays 11-7.30. Adm. 1s. Jun. 11, 8 p.m. Van Gogh. His life as shown by the film and his writings. Adm. 2s. 6d.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

ROYAL Tombs at Westminster Abbey. An Exhibition of Photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 4. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Leon Underwood: Sculpture and Paintings Retrospective Exhibn. and New Work. 10 a.m.-5.30 p.m. Thurs. 10 a.m.-8 p.m.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso 1900-1935. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

"THE Christian Theme in Contemporary Arts." 45 Park Lane, W.1. May 12-June 18 (Closed June 1, 2 & 3). Weekdays 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Suns. 2 p.m.-10 p.m.

THOMAS Churchyard (1798-1865). Paintings at Green and Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. May 18-June 19.

LE Cinque Terre and The Cinque Ports, by Piero Sansalvadore. In aid of Save the Children Fund. Parsons Gallery, 70 Grosvenor Street, W.1. Until June 20. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-1. Entrance free.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9, Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

"LONDON on Wheels." British Transport Exhibition of 19th Century Travel in London. Euston Station. Week-days 10-7, Sundays 2-7. Admission 1s. (children 6d.).

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover Street, W.1. I.C.A. Coronation Exhibition: Drawings of Henry Moore & his recent "Seated Figure." Daily 11-6, Sun. 2-6.

BRITISH Life. Arts Council Exhibition: New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till July 11. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Birds and Beasts —Paintings and Drawings of Five Centuries. 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

SOVIET Book Exhibition, Collet's Book Gallery, 45 Museum St., opposite British Museum. June 1-30. Daily 11-7.30. Suns. 2-5. Admission free.

INDIA House, Aldwych—an exhibition of Commerce & Industry and Tourism. May 28 to June 27. Monday to Saturday, 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Admission free.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

POSTERS from Poland. Exhibition at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Open daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1, until June 27. Adm. free.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition: Contemporary Eskimo Carvings.

GALERIE Apollinaire, 3 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Small paintings by Richard Rees and paintings of London by David Cooper. June 4-18, open 11-7, including Saturdays.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Gustave Courbet (1819-1877). First representative Exhibition in England—In aid of Les Amis de Courbet. Adm. 2s., Students 1s. Daily 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30.

WATERCOLOURS by Kanwal Krishna from India, Kashmir, Tibet and Spitsbergen, at The India Club, 41 Craven Street, Strand, W.C.2. 10 a.m.-8 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LOTHIAN Memorial Lecture. Premier of Alberta, The Hon. E. C. Manning, Leader of the Social Credit Party for 12 years, on "Economic Developments in Alberta." Chairman: Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery, C.H. Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, June 11, 5.30 p.m. Admission Free. Special reserved seats 3s. 6d. Apply The Sec., English-Speaking Union, 37 Charles St., W.1. MAYfair 7400.

PROGRESSIVE Business Men's Forum. "McCarthyism" . . . Factual recordings from hearings of un-American activities trials. Discussion and legal comment. Thurs. June 18, 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Reservations: Sec., 33 New Cavendish St., W.1. WEL. 0136.

J. Z. Murumbi, Acting General Secretary, Kenya African Political Party, on "Current events in Kenya." WASU, 13 Chelsea Embankment, S.W.3, 8 p.m., Sat., June 6.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 7: S. K. Ratcliffe. "Fair Weather Religion." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Pl., S.W.1. June 13 at 6 p.m. Dr. F. Malavasi: "La poesia di Leopardi."

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Tues., June 9, 8.15. Illustrated lecture by Dr. Roland: "What Makes a Good Drawing?" Mems. 2s., Guests 3s. Thurs., June 11, 8.15. "The Critic and the Authors' Meaning," by William Empson. Chairman: John Hayward. Mems. 2s., Guests 3s.

MAYAKOVSKY: Greatest Soviet Poet. Appreciations: Harold Silver & others. Readings: George Bishop, David Dawson, Joan Rodker & others. Recorded Russian readings Tuesday, June 9, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Square, W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.). Refreshments avail.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. June 7: "The Philosophy of Reincarnation." All welcome. No Collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

FRANK Harvey on "The Maori System of Health Culture," Friday, June 12, 8.15 p.m. All welcome. No collection. London Br., Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SOUTH African Social. All interested in Bucharest Youth Festival welcome. Enjoyable evening at 65 Fitzjohns Rd., Hampstead, 8 p.m., Saturday, June 6. Adm. free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, June 5, 7.15 p.m., Luis Vargas, "Shaw, Dramatist and Reformer."

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., June 10, 7.30 p.m., St. Anne's House, 57 Dean Street, W.1. "The Illegitimate Child": Dr. Doris Odlum, Chairman of the Joint Committee of the B.M.A. and Magistrates Association. Adm. 2s.

ALL Nations Social Club. "The New Statesman Speaks." C. H. Rolph, of the Editorial staff of The New Statesman, Mon., June 8, at 8 p.m., at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St. (off Oxford St., opposite Selfridges). Questions and discussion. Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

LINCOLN Labour Gala. Barbara Castle, M.P., Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P., James Griffiths, M.P. Railway Sports Ground, Ropewalk, Lincoln, 2.30-9.30 p.m. June 13.

MISS Kathleen Lines at National Book League, 7 Albemarle St., W.1, 2.15-5 p.m. each Tues. & Thurs. in June, to advise on Books for Children. Books of Coronation Year Exhibition open Mon.-Sat. 11-5, Thurs. 11-8. Admission free.

ST. Marylebone Fabian Society. Speaker: James Callaghan. Dorice Restaurant, 169½ Finchley Road, 7 p.m., June 9. Admission 5s. Tel.: CUN. 7125.

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Is Technique enough for Living?" At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2, Sun., June 7, 11 a.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Eva Carmac-Isitt on "Some Case Histories." Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., Wed. June 10 at 7.30.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CORONATION Lectures at Victoria and Albert Museum in aid of Y.W.C.A., June 17: "The Wellington Museum. Apsley House"; June 24: "The Royal Hospital and Chelsea Pensioners"; July 1: "The Crown Jewels"; July 8: "Treasures of Westminster Abbey." All at 8.15 p.m. Tickets in advance, 5s. per lecture, 15s. for full series, from Y.W.C.A., 108 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 6591.

GRESHAM College, Basinghall St., London, E.C.2. Four lectures on "What is a Good Play?" will be given by the Professor in Rhetoric, Nevill Coghill, Esq., M.A., on Monday to Thursday, June 8 to 11. The Lectures are free and begin at 5.30 p.m.

"BEYOND Democracy." Week-end Course June 19-21 at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221. Led by Harold Walsby, author "The Domain of Ideologies."

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